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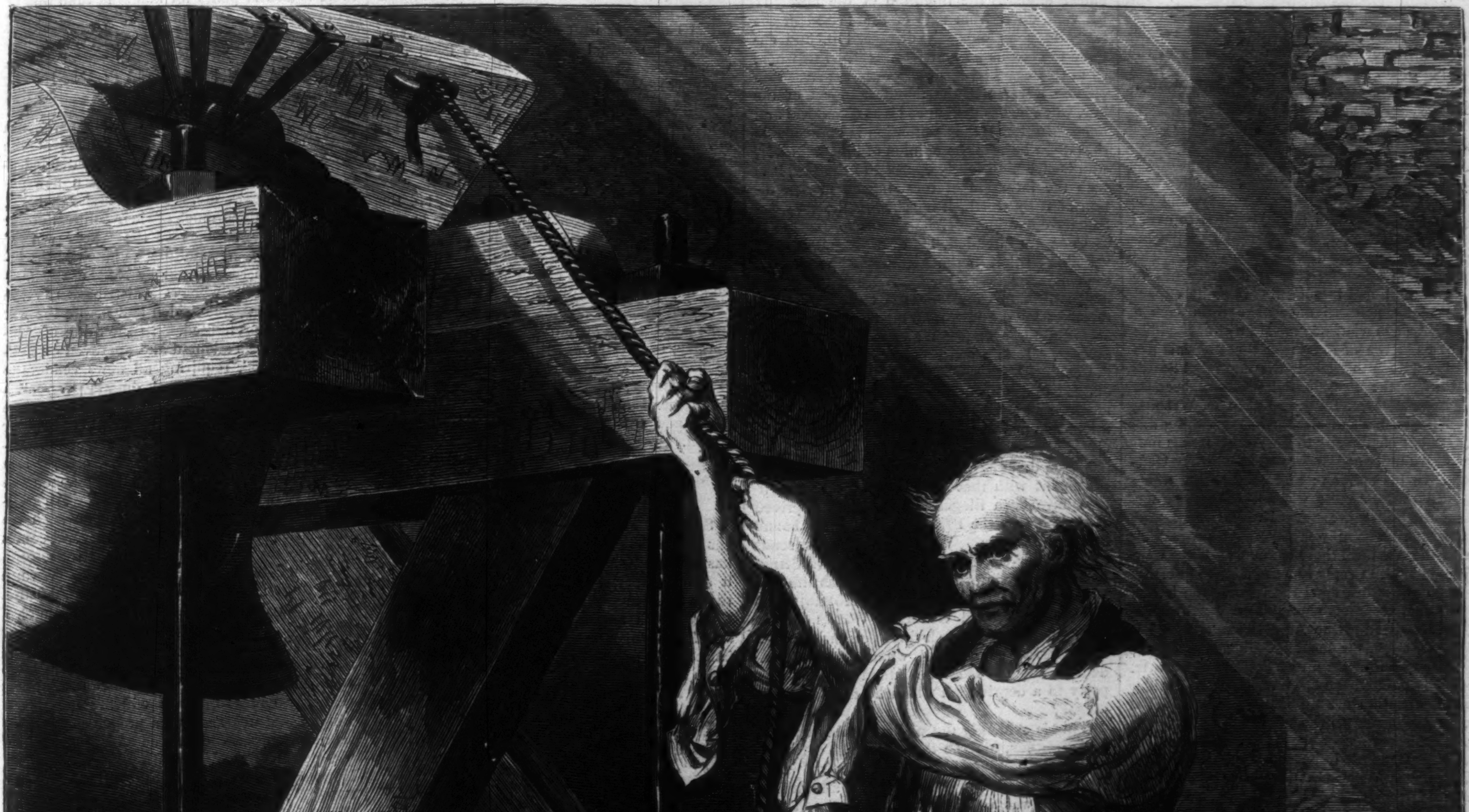


"THE FIRST PEAL FOR LIBERTY."—DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE PAGE 421.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867.

## RECONSTRUCTION AND OBSTRUCTION.

THE letters of General SHERIDAN and of General SICKLES upon the opinions of the Attorney-General show very conclusively the result of his interpretation of the reconstruction law. His view of the military power of removal under the law, and his criticism of General SICKLES's action, has occasioned the request of that officer to be relieved. The General says: "Congress having declared these so-called State governments illegal the declaration of the Attorney-General that military authority has not superseded them prevents the execution of the Reconstruction Acts, *disarms me of means to protect life, property, or the rights of citizens, and menaces all interests in these States with ruin.*"

So in regard to the first opinion upon the registry, General SHERIDAN says: "The registration will be completed in Louisiana at the time specified, unless I am ordered to carry out the law under Mr. STANBERY's interpretation, *which practically in registration is opening a broad Macadamized road for perjury and fraud to travel on.*"

Now inasmuch as the plain intention of the law was to arm every military commander with the power of protecting life, property, and the rights of citizens; and in registration to avoid perjury and fraud, the Attorney-General's interpretation directly defeats its purpose. The President in adopting this view intervenes to baffle the national intention. Does he expect to gain any political advantage from such a step? And in what way? He will not be able to persuade the country that the Radicals are merely anxious to exclude the late rebel States until after the Presidential election, because such representative Radicals as WADE, WILSON, and KELLEY have all declared that nothing was desired but conformity to the Act as it was universally understood before the Attorney-General gave his opinion; and because the whole Radical press, almost without exception, has taken the same ground. Every body knows that reconstruction was favorably proceeding under the Act until these opinions. They were given, indeed, in reply to a request for information, but they are none the less, as the letters of the two Generals show, directly subversive of the intention of the Act. Take the subject of registration, for instance. The registry is the foundation of the future State governments. If that is vitiated the election, the Convention, the Constitution are all made doubtful. Yet General SHERIDAN, who necessarily knows the practical operation of the interpretation of the Attorney-General infinitely better than that officer himself, says that it directly encourages fraud and perjury.

Does the President think that he can induce the country to believe that General SHERIDAN is a Radical partisan? When the question is asked, "What delays reconstruction?" there can be but one reply. It must be either the Reconstruction Act or the President. Yet what is more evident than that the work was going on most smoothly until the President, who, as General Sheridan says, "has been in bitter antagonism" to the law, undertook to explain it from his point of view? The people are just as logical this year as they were last year. They knew then that the difficulty was the determination of the President and his advisers to intrust the work of reconstruction to the late rebels, excluding the new and always loyal citizens. They know now that the intention of the President and his advisers is to come as near as possible to the same result. Now we suppose if the people are resolved upon any thing, it is that the whole body of loyal citizens in the Southern States shall unite in this work, and that a certain class of the late rebels shall be excluded from it. Does the President really suppose that he can defeat that purpose? Could any thing be more preposterously foolish after the experience of the last two years than such an expectation?

By his whole administration the President shows that he utterly misconceives the duty of his office. If he is called upon to approve a law which he considers to be absolutely unconstitutional and destructive of civil and religious liberty, he will, of course, refuse his assent. But if it becomes a law despite his opposition his duty is either to resign his office or to execute the law. It is certainly not his duty to obtrude his objections and deprecations at every stage, and to seek in every way to annul a law which the people of the United States have constitutionally enacted. Yet it is to this task that he constantly inclines, and he will continue in the same way to the end of his term. A balking horse is very inconvenient upon a journey; but he is less trying to the patience when his habits are understood. The fat boy in Pickwick was perpetually dropping asleep; but his infirmity at last excited no other remark than, "Confound that boy! he is asleep again." So with the President. During the next two years he will undoubtedly compel the country to exclaim more than once, "Drat that Andy! he's obstructing again."

## THE SUMMER SESSION.

WHETHER the President communicate the Attorney-General's latest opinion to the commanding Generals as an order or as "information" it is equally necessary for Congress to assemble. The meaning of the Reconstruction Act must be defined by the Legislature. If it were ill-considered and hastily passed there is all the more reason for repairing its defects. The members may be blamed as much as any body may desire for not discovering the weaknesses of the bill; but now that they are discovered Congress alone can apply the remedy.

Nor is there any probability that either the President or the commanders will regard the Attorney-General's opinion merely as information. When Congress passes a law which the President is to execute, if he is in doubt of its meaning he applies to his law counselor. That officer explains the intention of the law. If his view differ from that of the President the latter may undoubtedly disregard it, and enforce the law as he understands it. But when, as in this case, he has constantly expressed an opinion adverse to the manifest object of the law, when he has denounced it as tyrannical and unconstitutional, the assumption is unavoidable that when he asks the opinion of his law officer, who is also notoriously opposed to the law, it is with the intention of receiving an interpretation of it by which, if he chooses, he may defeat its operation. If he means to execute it as Congress intended, his own judgment is as valuable as that of the Attorney-General. If the commanders ask for information the President is first to consider what Congress meant to effect by the law, and then to interpret it accordingly. That he has not done this is evident. It is a mere quibble to urge that if the commanders asked for information he was obliged to ask an opponent of the law what it meant, and then furnish the opinion as information. When he transmits the opinion he declares his interpretation of the law. Whatever has been done by the commanders which is inconsonant with that view is unlawful; and if men have been illegally and forcibly deprived of their offices the President is morally bound to reinstate them. When the President sends the Attorney-General's opinion to General SHERIDAN for his "information" he informs him that he has illegally turned Mayor MONROE, and Judge ABELL, and Governor WELLS out of their offices. And when these persons demand, therefore, to be restored, what has the President to say? Does he intend to become a party to a deprivation which he declares to be illegal?

This is evidently the understanding of General SICKLES, and he therefore asks to be relieved and demands a court of inquiry. It is the natural result of the folly of the administration. It was well known that in the department of General SICKLES the progress of reconstruction was rapid and promising. He was fully in sympathy with Congress and the country, and exercised his great powers with a strict regard to the early and peaceful solution of the difficulty. His decided action shows the interpretation which at least one intelligent commander puts upon the necessary intention of the government. The President, through the Attorney-General's opinion, recognizes the validity of authorities which Congress has declared illegal, but which it tolerates temporarily, and so long as they do not interfere with the national authority. At any moment, therefore, the President may paralyze every District Commander; and Congress should immediately take care that the Executive understands its intention beyond the possibility of misinterpretation.

## THE TENNESSEE ELECTION.

No good citizen should forget the vital importance of the pending election in Tennessee, nor suffer himself to be diverted from its significance by any distaste for Governor BROWNLOW's rhetoric, or by Copperhead and rebel slanders about the loyal State militia. The question in Tennessee is simply whether the State shall remain under the control of those of its people who are unswervingly loyal to the Union and the Government, or fall into the hands of those who are as hostile to the Union as they ever were. In the remoter country districts of the State the rebel terrorism is as great as it was during the war. If a Union man informs a freedman of his rights he is in constant peril of his life. Men of the late slaveholding class openly threaten to shoot any colored man who votes the Radical ticket; and we understand that EMERSON ETHERIDGE, the rebel and Copperhead candidate for Governor, does not hesitate to declare that slavery is not abolished, and that any man deserves to be shot who says that it is.

The Union men are literally working in this political campaign for home and property. Their opponents are called rebels because their spirit and conduct are precisely what they were during the rebellion. They apparently dominate public opinion as they did then. To be suspected of sympathy with Yankees is to be avoided and insulted. If a man would trade he must hang a picture of LEE in his counting-room. The feeling is intense and bitter; and if the rebels carry the State in the election of the 1st of August it will be too hot for loyal men, and there will be a vast emigration of them to States where they can live in peace. Tennessee will then be as "democratic" as Kentucky; and any intelligent man who knows what civil liberty is, may imagine what its security would be in a Union composed of such States. We can conceive of no misfortune so signal for this country and for mankind as that the Union should fall into the power of the "Conservatism" which has lately carried Kentucky by twenty-six thousand majority, and which now disputes Tennessee with its loyal citizens.

To avert this calamity the utmost diligence and the most prompt and generous assistance are essential. Money, speakers, documents, and the expression of sympathy are the need of Tennessee. The Union men there are still the men at the front. It is not merely a political contest as with us, it involves almost as much as an actual battle. If the loyal men win, the State remains under the control of the party which is in sympathy with the conviction and the purpose of the country. If the loyal men are defeated, it is a victory of the lingering spirit of rebellion, and a blow under which the State must stagger, and from which it can but very, very slowly recover. Instead of throwing off its old prejudices and letting the dead past bury its dead, it will itself be buried under the ruins of its own folly. Instead of adapting its resources of every kind to the new and quickening forces of free labor it will cherish a hopeless hostility of race and sullenly strive against the plain tendency of civilization. There is no conceivable advantage to the State, to the country, to liberty, and to good government to be gained by the success of the "Conservatives" in Tennessee; while upon that of the Union men depend the prosperity and progress of the State and its harmonious relation with the Union.

## MR. WADE'S SPEECH.

SENATOR and acting Vice-President WADE has made a speech in Lawrence, Kansas, which has attracted much attention. The reports of it are not very satisfactory. They indicate a rough and ready talk in which the speaker said things which might very readily be misunderstood, but which by no means imply foolishness. That he declared himself in favor of equal suffrage for women as well as men is not surprising in so sturdy and logical a Radical, and least of all in a State whose Legislature is very likely, as the Senator said, "to set the matter straight" at its next session. Nor does his prediction that "female suffrage will be general in less than twenty years" startle us. We imagine it is a subject which has a much closer hold of the popular mind than politicians imagine; and its importance must not be measured by the occasional extravagance but by the steady and earnest enthusiasm of its advocates.

But the special dissatisfaction with Mr. WADE's speech arises from his remarks upon property. "We have disposed of the question of slavery," he said, according to the report, "and now that of labor and capital must pass through the ordeal. The shadow of the approaching struggle between these two great interests is already upon us, and it will do no good to turn our backs upon the question. It must be met. Property is not equally divided, and a more equal distribution of capital must be wrought out." Had Mr. PITT and his party, at the beginning of the century, heard these words spoken in England we fear that not the finest strain of ERSKINE's eloquence could have saved Mr. WADE from condemnation as a French incendiary and revolutionist. And indeed he has not escaped the shrieks of the worthy descendants of Mr. PITT's country party upon this side of the sea. At last, they inform us, Radicalism is fully revealed in all its monstrous deformity. At last it has proclaimed its intention of abolishing property and converting this lovely continent into a vast poor-house.

We sincerely hope nobody has lost sleep by reason of this awful prospect. As the Emperor of Austria at his Hungarian coronation rode to the top of a pile of dirt, and valiantly brandished his sword toward the four quarters of the heaven, so it seems, according to our "Conservative" friends, that Mr. WADE repairs to the very centre of the continent, and there proclaims his crusade against every man's wages, and in favor of the sudden and hopeless lapse of civilization into anarchy. Or did he, perhaps, do nothing of the kind? Did he merely say what every student and observer of modern civilization very well knows, that the capital and labor question is one of the most vital of all subjects, and that any political community in which the population is steadily increasing, while the land passes into fewer hands, and the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, is drifting in the most perilous direction? We do not believe that Mr. WADE left his wits in Omaha, if he went so far; and therefore we do not suppose that he proposed to divide property by law, or that he imagines any law could secure equal riches. He meant what CARLYLE means when he sneers at the *laissez faire* and *laissez aller* policy. He means that pure selfishness can not safely be the sole rule of human intercourse; that sympathy and thought must intervene to control and modify it; and that it is just as practically necessary to remember the brotherhood of man as that twice two make four.

In such a doctrine we see nothing portentous, nothing which is not peculiarly becoming a Vice-President of the United States. We really do not think it necessary to apprehend that Mr. WADE will introduce a bill at the impending session of Congress for the distribution of Mr. ASTOR's real estate among the denizens of Mackerelville, or of the silks and satins of Mr. STEWART among the residents of Cherry Street. It is not necessary to suppose that he wishes to destroy society because he thinks that some of the most beneficent, social, and industrial laws are yet to be discovered, and that there is a safer policy for mankind than that of "the devil take the hindmost!"

## UNTAXING EDUCATION IN ALABAMA.

ONE of the first acts of Alabama, South Carolina, and other Southern States, at the close of the war, was to pass laws intended to prohibit the circulation of Northern newspapers, periodicals, etc. The old slaveholders, who had obtained much of their political power through the ignorance of the "poor whites" and negroes, feared nothing so much as the invasion of the sacred soil by Northern school-teachers and the wholesale distribution of the Northern periodicals which had before the war been openly prohibited. In the State of Alabama a law was adopted and approved on February 22, 1866, requiring all news vendors to procure, at the cost of fifty dollars per year, a license "to sell or expose for sale at any one place any pictorial or illustrated weekly or monthly paper, periodical, or magazine, *published outside the limits of the State, and not in a foreign country*, and to vend the same on the streets or in boats or railroad cars." An additional charge of fifty per cent. upon such fee was subsequently imposed by the several courts of the county commissioners of Alabama.

One of the first acts of General WAGER SWAYNE, on assuming command in Alabama under the Military bill adopted by Congress, was the total abolition of this tax on education. General SWAYNE has by several judicious acts shown that he clearly comprehends the issue between the two classes in the South, and is earnestly endeavoring to educate the "poor whites" and negroes into a proper comprehension and appreciation of the advantages which the success of the Union army has given them. Nothing is more important to them and the country at this time than free schools and cheap *free* literature.

## SANTA ANNA'S HAPS AND MISHAPS.

POOR old SANTA ANNA has apparently come to grief. For some months he has been living upon Staten Island, changing his abode from time to time, and under some kind of surveillance. The inference from the various stories published is that he was the object of a conspiracy of sharpers, one party trying to secure him from the claws of another. What is tolerably evident is that he left New York toward the end of May, in the steamer *Virginia*, and, landing for a night at Vera Cruz, he conferred with friends, and the garrison was ready next morning to proclaim the republic, and SANTA ANNA General-in-Chief. Thereupon Captain ROWE, of the American navy, with an English naval captain, boarding the *Virginia*, in which SANTA ANNA was a passenger, ordered him to the United States steamer *Tacony*, and threatened force if he refused. SANTA ANNA, protesting, obeyed. Captain ROWE told Captain DEAKEN, of the *Virginia*, that he was merely removing SANTA ANNA to prevent bloodshed, and that he might have him again if he would call next day at Sacrificios, and take the old gentleman either to Havana or New York. This Captain DEAKEN punctually did. He received SANTA ANNA, and, sailing for Havana, stopped at Sisal, when, lo! a deputation from the Mexican republican gun-boats came on board and urgently demanded the passenger. Captain DEAKEN replied that SANTA ANNA had been intrusted to him by Captain ROWE, of the United States steamer *Tacony*, to be carried to Havana, and that he should not surrender him except to force; upon which the gun-boat commander sent a file of men on board the *Virginia*, and despite the protests of Captain DEAKEN that they were insulting the flag of the United States, they seized SANTA ANNA and carried him away. The next day the *Virginia* left Sisal, and arrived at Havana on the 15th of June.

This is an extraordinary story. Yet it is apparently true; and there is no government in Mexico at present to which the United States can look for redress if it shall appear that they wish to demand it. First of all, however, Captain Rowe will have to explain his interference with a peaceful passenger sailing under the flag of the United States, thereby exposing him possibly to mortal peril. If he can show his authority perhaps the gun-boats can show theirs. But whether they can or not it is very necessary for us that there be some kind of authority in Mexico to which we can appeal; for if the conduct of Mexicans shows that they are banditti who rush out like Algerine pirates upon quiet foreign ships, they must be treated like pirates, and their lairs be broken up. Of course, however, in the present situation of the country the utmost allowance will be made. Santa Anna was undoubtedly an unwelcome if not dangerous passenger. But that does not justify the conduct of Captain Rowe, or of the British Captain, or of the Republicans of Sisal. Every thing from Mexico, however, is so romantic and obscure that we must wait patiently to know the facts.

## CROPS AND THE FINANCES.

What a people we are! what a country we have! Only a few weeks ago the inhabitants of the South were *starving*, and the North, out of its abundance, sent them shiploads of food and hundreds of thousands of dollars. Such a wail of absolute and extreme necessity was never heard before in our land; yet there was no deception. The distress was real, and nobly was it relieved. To-day every one of those Southern States is teeming with food, either harvested or ripening in the fields! There are exceptional localities where indolence and ignorance shall reap as they have sown, and whose poverty-pinched inhabitants will continue to appeal for aid. But the universal testimony is in favor of overwhelming crops.

From Texas to Virginia it is the same. The two thousand barns which were destroyed in the Shenandoah Valley two years ago are rebuilt and waiting for the products of ten thousand fields. Cotton is growing with excellent promise where the floods inundated the bottoms of Louisiana. The famed Sea Islands of the Georgia and Carolina coasts, long abandoned, are ready to contribute their precious long-staple to the hungry markets of the world. Texas, always thrifty, thrives as she has never done before. The negroes, shiftless by nature, are rapidly acquiring habits of industry, and the old planters whose former occupation was indolence, are taking their sons into the fields with their hoes. This is the beginning of prosperity. The South has taken a new lease of life, and henceforth will press forward in the race of improvement to the development of wealth. One letter from Louisiana says, "With successful cotton this year, the planters will be independent." Another remarks: "Corn constitutes three-fourths of a living at the South. We shall only have to make up the other fourth." The Raleigh (North Carolina) *Standard* says: "From what we can learn, a larger breadth will be planted in cotton in this State than in any former year. Cotton will pay well at fifteen cents." For the first time in many years, before the war as well as since, there is a ready acknowledgment that the prospect for a *large* crop of cotton is good. Croakers about short crops, rust, worms, etc., are nowhere heard. The season is backward, but this makes an abundant harvest the more certain.

But Fortune has poured its plenty into the lap of the North as well as the South, and blessed it beyond precedent. All the accounts from every State agree that such crops have not been promised for ten and twenty years. It is remarkable that we hear nothing of weevil, rust, and midges. The eyes of the whole country—we might say, of the world—are intently fixed upon the maturing fields. To them there is a confiding and hopeful looking for relief from present distresses. They are the potent means to set in active motion the sluggish machinery of trade. All kinds of business wait on their development. A successful harvest from Maine to California would add at least $1,500,000,000 to the wealth of the country. The wheat crop last year was valued at $333,773,646, and the corn crop at $591,666,295. An estimate of this year's crops gives thirty million tons of grain against twenty-two millions last year, and nineteen millions in 1860.

With such an influx of wealth the South will provide for its present needs, which are distressing, and have a large surplus to begin business with once more. It will have this advantage, too, that it can commence with a clean ledger. In former years, before the war, the South was always in arrears; it anticipated its income at least a year. Now, both the necessity and the temptation to live beyond its means are gone. No longer burdened by a huge family of slaves to provide for, and oblivious to the craving desires which idleness begets, the planter joins his efforts with those of the freedmen and works out the more abundant reward. Cheered by his good fortune, his heart will enlarge with kindly feelings toward his flag and his countrymen, and the good work of reconstruction will be hastened.

In the West the present stringency in the money market and the scarcity of currency, which is attributed to poverty of resources due to former crop failures, will disappear, and an impetus be given to all departments of trade. The earnings of railroads and steamboats will multiply fourfold.

At the North, capital, now idle, will seek investment in numberless enterprises which now receive only a shrug and suspicious shake of the head. Stocks and securities of all kinds will improve, and we shall go on prosperously as we have done—only business will be transacted on a somewhat different basis. Speculation has had its day and will have to stand aside. There is to be no more fattening on the exorbitant profits extorted from consumers. The dry-goods men, the manufacturers, and the cotton dealers, have all had their day of high living and their day of discomfiture and distress, and now the grain and provision dealers must take their turn. The laborer will no longer be obliged to starve because his scanty purse will not purchase flour at $22 per barrel and pork at $35; but prices will come down to nearly what they were before the war. In like manner an abundant cotton crop will lower the price of dry goods. With food and clothing cheap, wages must either fall and the employer be the gainer, or the workman will be permitted to put aside a large portion of his earnings which now go for actual necessaries. In either case, the revenue of the Government is increased, and the country relieved of a proportionate amount of its indebtedness.

The value of an overflowing harvest is beyond estimate at this critical time. We will not say that the solvency of the country hangs upon it, although it has been so affirmed. We do not go to that length, notwithstanding the stagnation of business, the pecuniary distress, and Secretary M'Culloch's ominous letter. What we see now is only a patient waiting for the rising of the tide, which when taken at the flood will lead on to fortune. Our cotton crop in its quantity and quality, and the grain crop in its abundance, will bring us larger returns than we have ever enjoyed before.

## THE TRUE EUROPEAN POLICY.

Jean Macé, the popular author of the Fairy Book which has achieved such an unexampled success in France, and a translation of which is about to be issued by Harper & Brothers, writes to a New York correspondent as follows: "You will perhaps take pleasure in being one of the first to be informed of a new work in which I find myself engaged. We signed yesterday, at Kehl, some fifty of us, Germans and Frenchmen together, the following protest, which we intend to circulate through our respective countries. Have the kindness to make it known also in America, where we both have so many fellow-countrymen, especially the Germans. The signatures which may come to us from across the ocean will give additional strength to those who have undertaken to set their faces against rifled cannon and needle guns, and national hatreds, which are still worse:"

"We, the undersigned, dwellers on both banks of the Rhine, do hereby declare that we emphatically repudiate all idea of the encroachment of one nation upon another, and all preaching of war and hatred between them, from whatever side it may come. We think that there is progress enough to be made within the bosom of each country; new citizens enough to gain without going outside its own boundaries; and courage and patriotism enough to expend on the spot in behalf of the national welfare, to enable us to employ the national honor, and the rivalry for the superiority of race elsewhere than on the field of battle.

"We invite all of our fellow-citizens who share our sentiments to join us for the purpose of forming in both countries a great party of peace—the only peace which can be honorable and lasting—that which is based on the mutual respect and fraternal aid mutually due to each other from civilized nations."

M. Macé resides at Beblenheim, in the department of the Upper Rhine, the borderland of France and Germany. It is evident from the tone of this protest that the inhabitants of this debatable territory deprecate the encroaching projects of their ambitious neighbors, and desire nothing so earnestly as repose and peace.

## MARRIAGE AND HEALTH.

The subject of our last article on health—small families—is very properly followed by a consideration of health as influenced by marriage.

*Marriage is the natural condition of adult life.* No man who fails to enter this condition at this period can be considered as compassing all the relations for which his Creator designed him—in other words, he is not a complete man. There is defect—radical defect. He was designed to be the head of a family, and as the family state is the very basis of society, his failure is in a vital point, and we do him no wrong in pronouncing him to be incomplete as a man. We once heard a learned divine, in preaching on the family state on a Thanksgiving-day, assert this incompleteness of the bachelor; and he, among other illustrations, said, that we might as well call a man destitute of some limb a whole and perfect man as to pronounce the bachelor to be such.

At the risk of being deemed ungallant, we must say that the same view applies to the female sex.

The single state being then the abnormal and unnatural condition, it is, as a general rule, unfavorable to health and longevity. That this is true of longevity is demonstrated by the fact stated by Hufeland, that in the lists of individuals who have lived to a great age there are no unmarried persons. That it is true in regard to health can not be so definitely proved, and yet the fact just stated and the observations of physicians quite satisfactorily establish its truth.

The reasons that marriage is favorable to health and longevity are very readily seen. We will notice some of them.

Of adults the married alone experience to the full all those genial and satisfying influences which are properly included in the idea of home. The unmarried may, when fortunately situated, experience them in part, but it is only in part, even under the most favorable circumstances. They may endeavor to enter into the feelings of parents in helping to care for their children both in health and in sickness, and in doing so they partake of some of the elevated and sweet joys of home; but still they fail to get at the very penetralia where cluster the most sacred and deep affections that belong to the married state. It is but few even of the gentler sex among the unmarried that really do enter in this limited degree into a knowledge of the sweetest ministries included in the full idea of home, and fewer still of the other sex have this knowledge and its consequent enjoyments.

This leads us to say that the ties which bind those joined in wedlock together are alike stronger, closer, and more multiform than those of any other relation, not even excepting that of parent and child. The expression of our Saviour on this point—"they twain shall be one flesh"—is very significant. It betokens something more than a mutual contract which can be broken for slight reasons, as our legislators will have it, in opposition to the express teachings of the Bible. It is a union which should be dissolved for only one offense—the trampling under foot at once of both its physical and moral bonds. Plainly a union so close, and binding both body and soul, should neither be lightly entered upon nor lightly set aside.

The mutual attraction existing between the sexes, which is the basis of this union, is of a compound character. What is termed sometimes physical love enters largely into it. The abuse of this, degrading it to mere sensuality, is the source of some of the worst of both moral and physical evils; while, on the other hand, its proper indulgence has connected with it some of the highest and most ennobling virtues of which human nature is capable—those which belong to the home and the family state.

There is in that which draws the sexes together in true connubial love something undefinable and not easily understood. No correspondence, no description of qualities of person and character, however satisfactory all may seem to be, can insure real mutual attraction when the parties come to meet. There may be actual repulsion, and yet neither may be able to define the reasons for it. This can not be set down to a freak of fancy. There is something deeper than that; it is among the occult things of nature. When connections are formed from mercenary motives, or on grounds of mere expediency, the element of attachment of which we speak may possibly afterward be evolved, but if it does not the happiness which belongs alone to true love will not be realized.

In the complex bond which unites the married pair the physical and the spiritual are most intimately blended, and for the proper development of the domestic virtues the spiritual, let it ever be remembered, must predominate over and control the physical. When this is done the union is promotive of health and longevity. It is so by all those genial influences which are involved in it. These withdraw from the selfishness which is apt to attach itself to an insulated condition, furnish continual incitements to the affections, and invite to a life of cheerful activity. Especially do these results come when the union is blessed with fruitfulness, the ties of affection being thus both strengthened and multiplied.

Perhaps it will be said that very many are rendered feeble and unhealthy in bearing and rearing children. True; but the cause of this is to be found in either the faulty management of the individual or bad training on the part of her parents, especially in the physical portion of her education. With suitable training in early life, and good hygienic management afterward, the duties of maternity will usually be promotive of health. That they are less apt to be so now than formerly is owing to a deterioration of female health and vigor, as the result of modes of education and customs of society. And this deterioration, as we said in another article, is one of the causes of the smallness of families at the present time.

## HOW PIGEONS FEED THEIR YOUNG.

Pigeon's milk was referred to by Shakspeare, which shows that in his day the peculiar manner in which doves nurse their young was well known. While the hatching process is going on the esophagus or tube leading from the mouth to the crop appears to shorten in both parents. As soon as the little ones leave the shell the father and mother fly abroad and pick up grain, which distends the crop. A fluid is secreted in that receiving organ that softens it, and which is so nearly dissolved that the contents appears like thickened milk. They then perch on the edge of the nest, open their bills, and the young, helpless doves run their bills quite down into the crop and suck up the delicious food. In that way they are fed several times a day till they become very fat. Under the name of *squabs* they are sold in the market as particularly appropriate aliment for invalids.

When fully fledged the parents refuse to forage any longer for their indolent family. They even push them from the lighting-stool if they reside in a dove-cote, or from the limb if in their wild woodland haunts. By little and little they try their heretofore unused wings, and finally form a family establishment entirely independent of the old homestead. The parents, having been relieved from their extra labor by weaning the brood, begin very soon again, *de novo*, to rear up another family, and so on for several successive years. They multiply very rapidly.

## BEAUTY IS VAIN.

While roses are so red,
  While lilies are so white,
Shall a woman exalt her face
  Because it gives delight?
She's not so sweet as a rose,
  A lily's straighter than she,
And if she were as red or white
  She'd be but one of three.

Whether she flush in love's summer
  Or in its winter grow pale,
Whether she flaunt her beauty
  Or hide it away in a veil,
Be she red or white,
  And stand she erect or bowed,
Time will win the race he runs with her
  And hide her away in a shroud.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

The opinions of Attorney-General Stanbery on the duties of the Southern military commanders reflected severely on the conduct of General Sickles in removing civil officers in his department. General Sickles on June 19 forwarded his resignation, and asked a court of inquiry into his official action.

Prominent Unionists of Kentucky declare that the rebel element is so strong that the Conservatives will certainly carry every district in the State, and among the loyal the hope is generally expressed that Congress will extend the Reconstruction act to embrace Kentucky.

General Sickles has written a letter to Senator Wilson informing him that the appropriation for the expense of reconstruction is wholly inadequate, and the funds devoted to his district are already absorbed. He says the Navy and Treasury Departments have declined to assist him with funds. The full sum appropriated was $500,000, and that amount is required for the Carolinas alone.

It is a significant fact that when the Military bill passed Congress there were fifteen Republican journals published in the non-reconstructed States, only four of which were dailies. There are now thirty-six, of which fourteen are dailies, several tri-weeklies, and the remainder are published weekly.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The evidence for the prosecution in the Surratt case, as taken up to June 25, goes to show most conclusively that Surratt was in Washington on the night of President Lincoln's assassination, and that it was he who so mysteriously and melodramatically called the hours in the theatre, and clearly connects Mrs. Surratt with the assassins.

The Atlantic cable lately broken by an iceberg has been grappled and repaired and is at work again.

President Johnson left Washington on June 21, and was received in New York on the same day on board Admiral Farragut's flag-ship, the *Franklin*. He left for Boston on June 22, and remained until June 26. He made few speeches. In the greetings given the representative men alluded to in the various reception speeches and replies, the military commanders at the South, particularly Sheridan, were loudly cheered.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

Subsequent to the Reform riot in London, on June 17, as announced last week, another occurred at Birmingham, England. It took place on the day following that in London, and was characterized by great violence and excitement. The riot was announced as arising from an anti-Popery feeling, but it proved in the end to have been an outbreak of the Reformers.

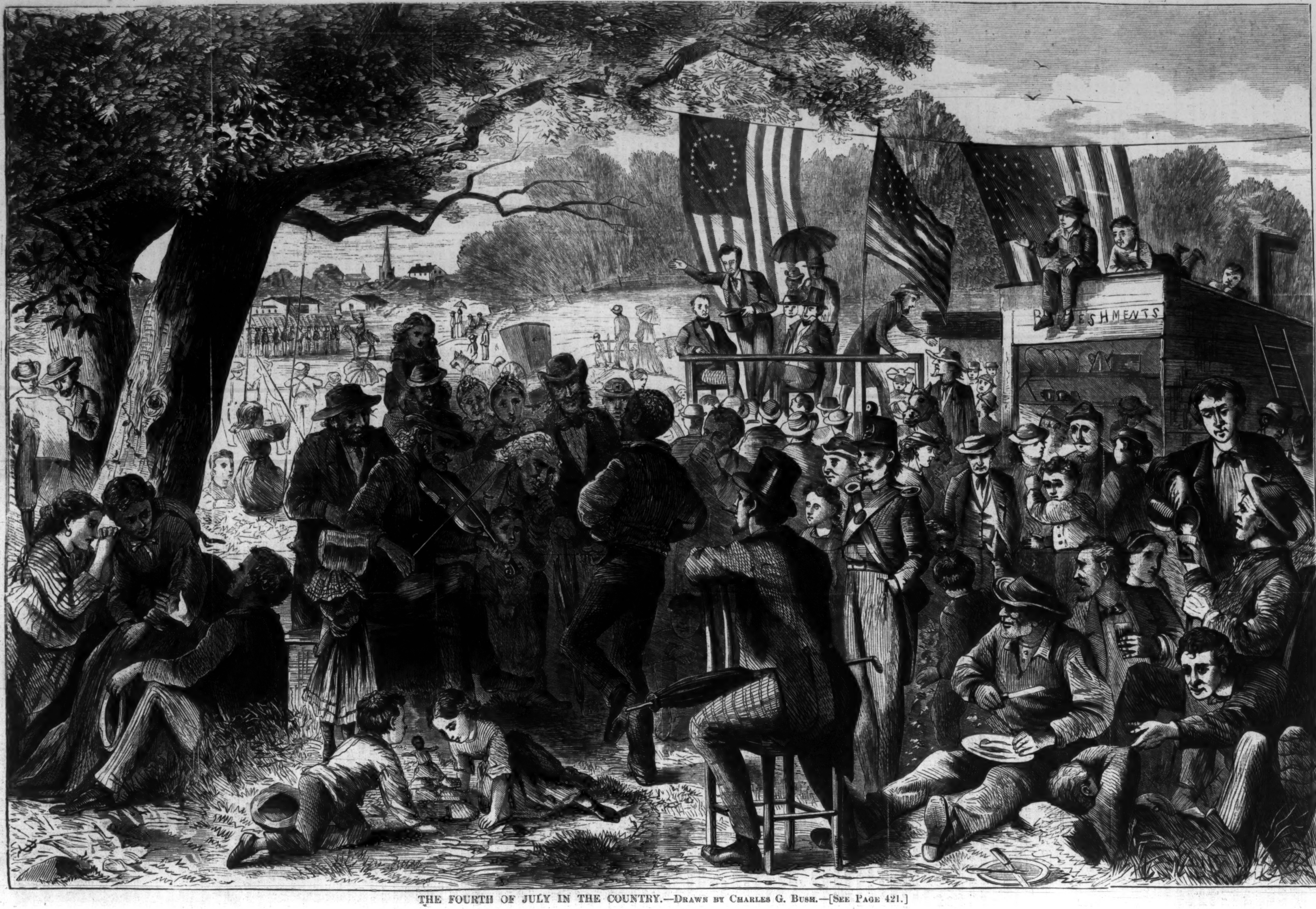
A decree has been promulgated in Cuba declaring free all children born of slave parents after July 1, 1867, and permitting any slave to obtain his or her liberty on the payment of $250.

## THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE, BOSTON.

The new Masonic Temple built by the Fraternity at Boston, Massachusetts, was dedicated on June 24 (St. John the Baptist's Day), President Johnson, General L. H. Rousseau, Postmaster-General Randall, and other distinguished Masons assisting in the ceremonies. An imposing procession of the Fraternity and the citizens of Boston passed through the principal streets to the Hall where the ceremonies were performed.

The Temple, of which we give on page 421 an accurate engraving from a photograph by Whipple of Boston, is an imposing edifice, seven stories in height, with an octagon tower in the south corner, rising 121 feet, and a smaller and less lofty tower at the north corner. The front of the Temple, facing Tremont Street, has a width of 85 feet; another side of the building is on Boylston Street. In the second story, reached through the main entrance on Tremont Street by a staircase 10 feet wide, is the spacious Grand Lodge Hall, finished in the Corinthian style, and entitled Corinthian Hall. It is beautifully frescoed, and the blue ceiling is ornamented with stars and emblems of the craft. Portraits of Washington, Warren, Lafayette, and Franklin fill the corner niches. A fine organ, built by Johnson of Westfield, occupies the west side of the hall. The grand hall for the Knights Templars in the sixth story is elaborately finished in Gothic style. In the upper story are the banqueting halls, three in number, so arranged that they can be thrown into one. The other stories are devoted to offices for the Grand Master, Grand Secretary, etc., ante-rooms for lodges, chapters, and encampments, committee-rooms, etc. The entire building is heated by steam.

After the conclusion of the dedicatory ceremonies a banquet was given in the Temple, at which President Johnson was present and made a speech, in which no allusion was made to political matters.



THE FOURTH OF JULY IN THE COUNTRY.—Drawn by Charles G. Bush.—[See Page 421.]

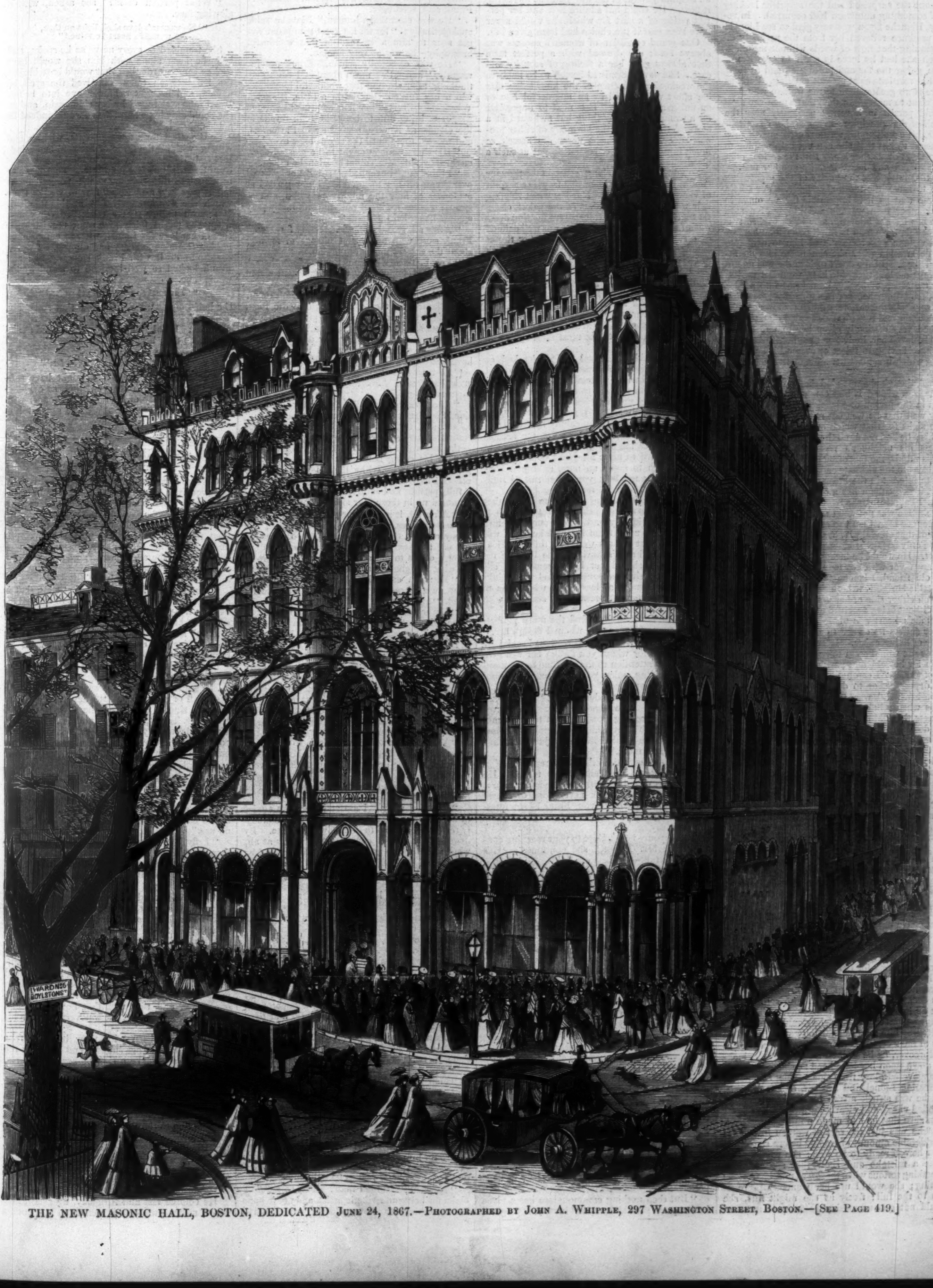
## THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

When this issue of the *Weekly* shall have reached its readers they will be engaged in manifold preparations for celebrating in all the varied styles the anniversary of our National Independence. We therefore give as of timely interest one or two suggestive pictures appropriate to the occasion.

The "First Peal for Liberty," as illustrated on our first page, was rung on the bell of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the passage by the First Congress of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. Congress had been in secret session on the Declaration for four days, and the opposition was so strong as to threaten its defeat. A great crowd of eager citizens had surrounded the Hall, anxious to hear an early announcement of the passage of the important bill upon which Congress had been so long engaged; and the old bell-man, who had been in charge of the building for many years, had ascended to the tower and stood ready to announce the intelligence of the passage of the act to the citizens of Philadelphia by ringing the "Liberty Bell." The final decision of Congress was announced in the Hall by its Secretary at two o'clock on the afternoon of July 4, and immediately the secret session was adjourned and the delegates poured into the street announcing to the multitude the passage of the Declaration. Suddenly the old man heard loud shouts and huzzas below and voices crying to him, "Ring, Ring!" "Grasping the rope attached to the iron tongue of the bell," says Lossing, "the old bell-man hurled it a hundred times, its loud voice proclaiming, "Liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. The excited multitude in the streets responded with loud acclamations, and with cannon-peals, bonfires, and illuminations the patriots held a glorious carnival that night in the quiet city of Penn."

The bell, which ever afterward was known as the "Liberty Bell," was placed in the tower of Independence Hall on June 7, 1732. It bore the inscription from Leviticus xxv., "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." The bell still hangs in the tower.

The "Fourth of July in the Country" will appear familiar to nearly every reader of the *Weekly.* The national holiday is observed by our country neighbors more regularly perhaps, and certainly more philosophically, than by the citizens of the large cities; and we offer with the engraving the advice it naturally suggests, "Take your Fourth in the country."



THE NEW MASONIC HALL, BOSTON, DEDICATED June 24, 1867.—Photographed by John A. Whipple, 297 Washington Street, Boston.—[See Page 419.]

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XIX.—*Continued.*

MEANWHILE the trio who were left a short time since on the sloping bank, looking at each other, and each wishing that the other was not there to be looked at, had met and spoken as civility dictated, and had withal done these things with a degree of embarrassment that gave a false appearance to what was really an innocent situation. It may fairly be questioned whether any body ever came abruptly upon a pair of human beings without the surprised and the surpriser looking as if something untoward had occurred. In reality, Blanche Lyon was very glad to see Lionel; his presence relieved her from the necessity of continuing that flow of words without meaning, which she had let loose in order to save Frank from going too far and putting an end to their cordial relations as at present existing. Perhaps there is no greater bore to the woman who does not want to marry him than that a man she likes should persist in hovering perilously near the brink of that precipice—a proposal. His attentions, his devotion, his warm regard, are all such pleasant things that she can not help wishing to keep them on as they are. But the serious offer of his hand and heart is quite another matter, so that intensifies the poetry of the proceeding only to kill it the more effectually. For I hold it true that as it is impossible for a woman to think other than warmly and kindly of a man who has let her know that he loves her, so it is impossible for a man to think other than harshly of a woman who has suffered him to drift into the declaration when she can make him no fitting return. In the court of love there is no appeal against love turned to hate, wounded vanity, and the sense of having been lured into a false position. Blanche Lyon recognized these truths, and so, as she did care very much for Frank Bathurst's liking and regard, she was glad that, though he had very distinctly given her to understand that he loved her, he had not put her in the place of either having to reject or accept his love as a thing which must last her all-sufficiently through time.

Still, though she was glad the interruption had come, she wished it had come in another form than in the person of Lionel Talbot. She knew very well that he was not at all the sort of man who sighs for that which ought not in honor to be his; he had not at all the order of mind which covets his neighbor's possessions. For some men's minds, the fact of there being a *soupçon* of doubt as to the ultimate end of their endeavors to create interest in the breasts of the women who most interest them has a fatal fascination. For Lionel Talbot Blanche Lyon feared it would have none. He was not one to sigh to prove himself a stronger man than the one already in occupation of that citadel which, according to his creed, could only be fairly rendered up once—a woman's heart. He would be incapable of running a race for any favor with any man, more especially with his old friend, Blanche thought, sadly, even as she talked brightly to both the men as they walked one on either side of her up to the house.

Without being deceitful or desperately wicked, Blanche's heart was made of the material that never suffers its owner to say die while a possibility of living exists. Even when she was miserable she would seem to be happy, partly out of pride for herself, and partly out of good feeling for others. "I can not bear to be pitied for being depressed, or to depress others by looking down-hearted," was the reason she had once given when rebuked for an external air of joyousness that did not accord with what her mamma declared she ought to be feeling on some melancholy subject. So now, in accordance with the dictates of this considerate creed, she seemed to be very much at ease, very gay, and full of vivacity, when she was in reality restless, nervous, and unhappy.

One of the chief causes of her disquiet was that, after this, her relations with Frank would of necessity be altered. She thought that it would be impossible for him to be as he had been before with her. Though he had saved himself from actually asking her such a direct question as would have involved her giving him a direct answer, he had suffered such a tone to creep into the conversation as could have left no reasonable doubt in the mind of either as to the other having perfectly understood the position. And she was sorry for this—more sorry than she would have been had she more clearly fathomed Frank Bathurst's mind and feelings. It was not in him to give serious thought to what was over or to what was inevitable; it was not in him to regret any thing for long, or to bemoan himself for having wandered into any sort of error, provided he could get out of it gracefully. On this occasion he told himself, with some truth, that he had got out of it gracefully. The sweet things he had said to Blanche would never be regretted by him; he was far too gallant to repent him of the utterance of tender words to a woman.

Moreover, as he walked on by her side, looking down upon her bare head as she moved it in its uncovered glory from side to side, alternately addressing Lionel and himself, as she did this, and he was struck afresh by the beauty of her rounded cheek and clearly-cut profile, he felt far from sure that he had made a mistake after all. Blanche was just the sort of woman to exact a considerable amount of wooing before she would show herself ready to be won; she would never make a mistake and show that she expected something serious when there was nothing serious coming; she would use her womanly prerogative to the full; freely as she might flirt, she would not go out meekly half-way to meet an offer of marriage. All these things he told himself, recovering his spirits most perfectly during the telling, waxing more charming and satisfactory to himself and his companions as he became more charmed and satisfied each instant with the view of the case which he was offering for his own inspection. He banished all memory of the advice Blanche had given him—the advice that he should gain Miss Talbot's heart if he could. At least he only remembered it as a superfluous sort of thing, reminding himself as he did so that signs were not wanting to prove that the "endeavor" would be a work of supererogation, since Trixy's heart was already manifestly well-disposed toward him. Trixy Talbot had it not in her to carry on the war against an intruder's suspicion of his intrusion on a secluded scene being an untoward event, in the way Blanche was doing it now. He could but admire her, and her perfect acting of a part for which she would never have been cast if the choice had been given her.

One grand condition of woman's success was always hers; she dressed with a perfect taste that always gave her a feeling of security and ease. She never permitted herself to be liable to the weakening influence of the knowledge that her effort was marred by an ungraceful line or an unbecoming color. It is next to impossible for a woman to be any thing but awkward in a costume that violates the harmony of either proportion or hue. Blanche never did herself so much injustice as to let herself be put at such a disadvantage.

So now she moved along secure in the primary condition of ease—she knew that from every point of view she looked well. Her luxuriant rippling hair was banded with fillets of the palest, clearest mauve ribbon; her transparent floating dress was of the same color; her waist was well defined by a satin band, and the lace round her throat and wrists was narrow, neat, and straight enough to satisfy the most rigidly tidy. As she walked she raised her dress a little in front, and then coming out from under the white drapery were seen a pair of small, highly-arched feet cased in black-ribbed silk shoes. Both these men who looked upon her were artists, and though one preferred painting wild waves to women, it was hard to say whose taste she most thoroughly satisfied.

"Did you ride far, Frank?" Lionel asked, as they got themselves in line and turned toward the house. Then he remembered that his question might seem to them to savor of a desire to know how long they had been together, and he was hastening to add, "I mean how did she carry you?" when Blanche calmly answered:

"He could not have ridden far, for he has been back with me a long time. I went out to the stable-yard to meet him, and then was gracious enough to come on here, risking a sunstroke without my hat; you never can be sufficiently grateful to me, Frank."

She said this by way of proving to Lionel that there really was nothing behind this outward show which had evidently rather discomposed him when he came upon them by the lake. He will understand that if there were any thing particular to me in Frank's having come back to me soon, that I should not have mentioned, she thought, and simultaneously Lionel was thinking, She is honest, at least; she wishes me to at once understand the terms they stand on with each other.

"I rode far enough to find the mare perfect, worthy even of the one for whom I design her."

"What a conventional expression, Frank! I hope the one for whom you design her will give more of her attention to the gift than to the manner of the giving, unless you strike out some more original form of words."

"You are the best judge of that."

"Of what? How vague you are. Well, never mind your meaning now; I want to say something to Mr. Talbot while I remember it; how very few people speak closely—say just what they mean, and no more."

"Edgar does, I think," Lionel replied.

"Yes, Edgar, Mr. Talbot, does indeed. He says out his meaning a little more plainly than is well at all times. Frank never does, of course not. He flatters, don't you, Frank?" she questioned, laughingly.

"You say so."

"And yours is not close to your meaning conversation, Mr. Talbot," she continued; "it's suggestive talk—the best of all."

"Now that you come to critically analyze the nature of my conversation, I remember that I say very little," Lionel replied.

"Shows what an attentive listener you have in Miss Lyon that that little has made such an impression on her," Frank Bathurst put in, good-humoredly. There was an utter lack of jealousy, and of all the littlenesses that proceed from jealousy, about this man that was infinitely taking.

"I like suggestive talk and suggestive verse," Blanche went on, stoutly disregarding Frank's implication; "that is why I like 'The Wanderer,' and all the rest of his books."

"All the rest of whose books? 'The Wanderer's?' I don't know him."

"No, Owen Meredith's."

Frank laughed, and affected to shiver.

"Save me from suggestions of early loves with primrose faces who suddenly start up from graves under cypress-trees to disturb a man's peace of mind when he is enjoying 'Trovatore' in Paris; you have a ghoulish taste if you incline to him—I am not with you there."

"Are you not with me in my admiration—no, not my admiration—my love for that poem, Mr. Talbot?"

He shook his head.

"I don't think I either love or admire the mixture of the very commonplace and the impossible."

"But then nothing commonplace has a place in that poem; it's all love, and luxury, and light."

Lionel laughed.

"The love of Paris, and the light of gas, and the luxury an upholsterer's apprentice can catalogue; no, no, it's garish; you will feel it to be so if you compare it with the supernatural element that comes out so gravely in 'Faust,' for instance; there is a noble suggestiveness about that which all who run can not read, unfortunately."

"Say fortunately, rather. 'Faust' is not for the masses," Blanche said, letting her head go up haughtily.

"Pardon me, it is for all humanity; it is like one of the great Bible stories to me—a thing to be read humbly and solemnly."

"Fancy reading any thing that a man wrote who was addicted to heart-rending flirtations between high rows of well-covered pea-sticks, with plump German maidens, humbly and solemnly!" Frank said, scoffingly.

"He was essentially human," Blanche said, apologetically; "for all his great genius one can get near to him after reading that wonderful biography—he was so very human."

"He was essentially selfish," Frank put in, warmly, "and rather mean about it, I can't help thinking, after reading that wonderful biography which has turned your brain a little, Blanche. Whenever distracted maidens or prudent parents sought to bring him to book, he took refuge in the clouds, as it were, soared up to Parnassus, and roosted there until the storm blew over."

"His shortcomings ought to be glossed over, ought they not, Mr. Talbot?" Blanche asked.

"I think not," he replied; "surely not 'glossed over,' you do not mean that; but regarded as evidences of how the mighty may fall, and as special reasons for lesser ones to continually pray against being led into temptation."

"After all, genial follies are readily forgiven," Frank said, with an abrupt change of feelings about the subject under discussion.

"Yes, by those who do not suffer from them," Blanche said, hoping that the amendment would find favor in Lionel's eyes.

"And even by those who do suffer from them. They blamed not the bard, though he did them most frightfully amiss," Frank put in, affably. "He was his own ideal man, and he makes the ideal woman wail for him in her dying agony—those last words! it was worth being born to have heard them."

"Last words! how grand some such utterances have been! 'More light.' The sentence is a poem in itself."

"The craving for fuller intellectual satisfaction, for clearer mental vision, appeals to you," Lionel said to Blanche. "Do you remember some that are equally striking in a simpler way?—the last words of the Christian gentleman who said in his dying hour to his son-in-law, 'Be good, my dear!' I like them better than any others I have ever heard; they are in themselves a full, perfect, and sufficient rule of life—it's all summed up in those four simple words."

"After all, it is easy enough," Frank said, in his softest tones, and with his suavest smile, "it is my opinion that the temptations to go astray are extraordinary. I very rarely leave undone what I ought to do, and I don't think I sigh to do what I ought not, and I am not exceptional."

"You are exceptionally well satisfied with your own success in doing right," Blanche replied, "and that is a fault to start with."

"Never mind, I mean well," Frank answered; "we all mean well, especially your mamma, Blanche."

Blanche smiled and frowned.

"I wish we all meant as well as mamma," she said, soberly; "we should not, in that case, mystify one another painfully for long—"

"Are we any of us mystifying each other painfully now, may I ask?" Mr. Bathurst interrupted. "I think that at least I am free of that charge. I am open as the day; no one could long be in doubt as to my intentions about any thing."

"You are advancing your claim to the sin of conceit every moment, is he not, Mr. Talbot? Now I will name another of your faults for your penitential consideration—you are lazy, otherwise the second subject from 'Tannhaüser' would be finished by this—"

"Which I deny. I am acting on the advice of the disinterested art-critics, who so strenuously recommended me to lie fallow for a time. By Jove! if the law of compensation works at all, what warm quarters will be awarded by-and-by to some of those fellows who have most persistently thrown cold water on aspiring art and literature."

"We shall be better for it in the future," Lionel said, including himself, by the speech in the castigation which Frank implied that he had received at critical hands.

"You need not," Blanche said, quickly and unadvisedly.

He looked gratefully at her; but at the same time he gave her back her flattery by saying:

"If you could make me believe that, Miss Lyon, you would rob me of the aim that is best worth living for—the desire and the hope of advancing. I shall have lived my life, and lived it to miserable purpose, when I shall sit down satisfied with what I have done!"

"You will be satisfied with what you have done, if, two years hence, you can get ten thousand pounds for one picture, for the central figure of which your wife has sat for a model," Frank said, going round and leaning his arm on his friend's shoulder.

"That is your low view of it. Mr. Talbot will want more, and will get more than you can realize or imagine."

"You are a nice sibyl when you peer into the future for him. From my low and sordid point of view ten thousand pounds is not so despicable, and I can perfectly realize its delights."

"Mercenary-minded man! You to set up a claim for being an æsthetic artist, and not to hope for something far above gold for your friend!"

"The smiles and approbation of Miss Lyon!"

"He has them already," Blanche said, coldly.

"'And woman's smile forever hath
A spell to make ambition sleep,'

somebody has said. Avoid the danger, Lal!"

"No woman's smile will make his ambition sleep," Blanche answered, interlacing her fingers, and putting them up before her eyes to make a more complete screen from the sun, as they came out on to the open lawn close to the house, "because any woman whose smile he could care for would wake his ambition even more if possible; would it not be so, Mr. Talbot?"

"If she cared to do so," he replied. "But I think some mistake was made in the incantation yesterday. The spell you tried to throw over Frank has fallen on me instead."

"What portion of it?" she asked, with a glowing face.

"'No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine.'"

She trembled in every nerve as he spoke, and had she been alone with him she would have spoken some words then that would have broken the ice between them, dissolved the spell he named, and brought a kinder one into being. But Frank was round by her side again, and so she could only hope that silence would indeed be golden.

So she stood for a few moments, wishing and willing, with all the force of her soul and mind, that something would occur to take Frank away from them, if only for a minute. This opportunity passed, the passion which possessed her might pass into a phase of fear of results from which she was strangely free at this moment. It seemed to her that a crisis had come now when she might fairly give some unmistakable sign of her love for Lionel, without compromising her feminine delicacy and dignity. But she could not do it with Frank standing by; and Frank looked so well inclined to stand by the whole time.

"'Thou art so near, and yet so far,'"

she half sang. "Do you know that song, Mr. Talbot?"

"Yes; Frank sings it," he replied; and Frank, on this, began:

"'Beloved eye, beloved star,
Thou art so near, and yet so far,'"

in a voice that, Orpheus-like, might have softened the rocks and trees; but that, as evidencing the probability of his remaining longer with them, hardened Miss Lyon's heart against him yet more and more.

## CHAPTER XX.

### CAUSE FOR DOUBT.

GIVEN certain conditions, and every woman, however little of a diplomatist she may be naturally, will make a subtle scheme, and carry it with a bold stroke. Blanche Lyon bore the restraint until she could bear it no longer, and then, the conditions being granted, she developed and executed her scheme in an instant.

"Frank," she exclaimed, suddenly, will you do me a great favor?"

"Will I not? What is it?"

"Go and look for a copy of that song that is set for two voices—you will find it in the leather case on the piano—and persuade Miss Talbot to come out here and sing it with me."

Frank lounged forward a few steps toward the door. Then he evolved a better plan, as he thought, and lounged back again.

"You had better come in; it requires the accompaniment?"

She seated herself on the base of a huge stone vase, full of geraniums. "I have made up my mind to sing it out here," she said, resolutely. "No, Mr. Talbot, don't you go, please. I have also made up my mind to exercise so much cousinly authority as to make Frank fetch me one little song when I ask him."

"Frank resigns himself entirely to your commands. Being a gone 'coon, I have no appeal."

"Fulfill the whole of your mission, now," Blanche cried after him. "Persuade Miss Talbot to come, or the copy for two voices will be no use."

"I fly," he shouted back, laughingly; and then he went on into the house, and Lionel and Blanche were alone at last. She was mistress of the position, and still she could not seize it.

If only he would have looked at her! But he did not. He stood looking away into the distance, with a quiet, earnest expression of face, that made her fear that she was not in his thoughts—a far-off look, an absorbed look—and Frank would be sure to be back in a minute.

"Mr. Talbot!"

He looked round at her now, as she sat leaning forward, her arms folded on her lap, her head thrown up, and her eyes earnestly bent upon him. As he met her gaze she was satisfied of one thing, and that was, that however it had been a moment before, she was very much in his thoughts now.

"You have been with your brother" (she could not dash at her subject, and give him the word that should be a sign of her love, as she intended), "and you have heard—"

She paused. She meant that he had heard of Edgar's ruin; and the thought of that ruin, and all the evil train of consequences it might bring upon the Talbots, choked her. He attributed her emotion to the wrong cause; he thought she meant to offer some explanation to him, as Edgar Talbot's brother, as to her rejection of Edgar Talbot's offer. So when she paused he said:

"Yes, he told me, and I am very sorry for him. I feel for him very deeply and truly."

"And not for yourself at all?"

He colored fast and furiously, up even to his brow, at her question; it seemed to him such a strange one to come from Blanche on such a subject as he believed her to be speaking of.

“For myself, I can bear the hardest things.”

“I know that; and bear them beautifully. As I said to your brother, when—when he was speaking to me the other night, women's words, and ways, and wills, are so weak, when we would give our life to serve we can do nothing but sorrow.”

He began to understand her now, and to feel that she was more directly referring to their loss of worldly wealth, and to the possible blight it might be on his career.

“Sorrow and you should not be named on the same day, Miss Lyon; but your sympathy is very sweet to me.”

“Sorrow and I have clasped hands often,” she answered, soberly. “You do not quite realize that I have had all my life to take most earnest heed and thought for myself and others. I seem to you to be—just what I seem, in fact.”

“And you can be nothing better.” There was no idle flattering tone in his words. She knew that he meant them thoroughly, and her heart beat high. “You can feel that, and say it of me? Then I have not lived, and striven, and endeavored to ‘be good’ in vain.”

“Nor would it have been in vain even if I had not felt that truth and worded it,” he said, kindly. “My approbation would have been a mean guerdon to strive for.”

“The best I could have.” Then she rose up, and temptation never came to a man in a fairer guise than it did to Lionel Talbot then, to speak out and tell her that he loved her. But he wrestled with it for two or three reasons; among others, this lately-born one, that, while his sisters needed his aid, he must not charge himself with a wife, even if the woman he wanted was willing to be that wife. So he struggled to seem indifferent to that which almost upset his judgment, as Blanche made a step or two toward him, telling him that his approbation was the best guerdon she could have—and meaning it too; of that he felt convinced.

“Oh, gentle time, give back to me one hour which thou hast taken! Blanche often thought in after-days, when she recalled this hour, and the poor use she had been enabled to make of it. For at this juncture Frank and Beatrix came out to them, Frank hilariously caroling, as became one who was never defeated, never heart-sick, never doubtful as to the blooming issue of all his brightest hopes; and Beatrix, with the unsatisfied look on her face that is indicative of feeling aggrieved with one's self for one's weakness in granting the small requests of the loved one who abstains from making large demands. It was impossible for Beatrix to refuse any favor or concession asked of her by Frank; and she knew that it was, and was indignant with herself for its being so; and still she could not help herself, but went whithersoever, and did whatsoever he asked of her. It was stinging to her, this being looked up and required at the last, when Frank had been away for a whole sunny hour (perfectly oblivious of her) by the lake with Blanche. It came even to the true-hearted, noble-natured Trixy, to hate Blanche, as she came upon the latter “standing and charming Lionel,” as Trixy worded the situation to herself, when Mr. Bathurst was not by. She did not suppose for one instant that Blanche was in an equally evil case with herself. Our own private grief is always the mightiest in the world, before which all others dwarf themselves to the meanest proportions.

“I am not very much in the mood for singing, but I came out as you sent for me,” Trixy said, as she came up to them; and then Blanche, who really could afford to be generous and tolerant toward Trixy, put her hands kindly on the girl's shoulders, and said, almost in a whisper—

“Please don't think me heartless and thoughtless, dear, but your brother will not bear this bad blow the better for seeing you depressed by it; forgive me if I seem to think less sorrowfully of it than I have thought—will you, will you?”

She was so strangely winning as she spoke in her earnest, pleading tones, with all the force of her earnest, winning beauty, that Trixy felt much happier.

“I think I could forgive you almost any thing,” she said, affectionately, and Blanche laughed and replied:

“In that one little speech you made a couple of provisos; however, forgive me for having sent for you now, and let me sing second to you.”

They sang the song “gloriously,” as Frank declared, and again he found himself very strongly directed toward Miss Talbot. At any rate there was time enough, he told himself, to make resolutions and carry them when the glorious summer, during which one should only feel and exist, was over. So the sybarite snatched the hour, and pleased himself according to his wont in being very pleasant to them both. And Blanche's heart ached horribly because she saw that Lionel fancied she overrated her gay cousin's devotion.

By-and-by Mrs. Lyon came home from her tour of inspection over the cottage that was to let in the village. “It was the very thing she should like for herself,” she said, “and she was almost sorry that any body else should be going to live there; the garden was the very style of garden that was most pleasing to her, and the green-house would be lovely when repaired; as to the house, well, she never had liked London houses, and she should like them now less than ever; give her a place in the country where you were not overlooked; that was all she asked.”

“I think I should like it too,” Beatrix said, demurely.

“Get your brother to take it for your autumn quarters, Miss Talbot,” Frank exclaimed. He had yet to learn that some such change of residence would be a matter of necessity, not choice, with the Talbots.

“Do you know,” Blanche whispered to Beatrix, “that it will be just as well to manage all this without telling the truth to mamma? I know every thing, Trixy, dear, and I thought of sending mamma to look at that house for an imaginary friend; the concealment is harmless enough. Do you agree to letting her think that her wishes weigh in the matter?”

“If that plan is decided upon,” Trixy said, dubiously; and as the other three were all speaking animatedly at once on the superior advantages of the country over the town, the conversation between the two girls was unheard.

“Why should it not be decided upon?” Blanche questioned, eagerly. “If you like it, why should you not stay here where you can have human companionship when you feel inclined? Mr. Talbot wishes my mother to live with you still; it would be very dull for you in a strange country place with her alone; here you will have my cousin and your brother Lionel often.”

“And you always?” Trixy tried to say it joyfully.

“No, indeed; me very rarely; I shall go out in the world again.”

“Trixy's eyes questioned “Why?”

“Oh, it's not only men who must work in these nineteenth century days,” Blanche said, smiling; “I rather like the necessity, too. I believe I have more of the bee than the butterfly in me.”

“Then I shall lose you,” Trixy said.

Blanche looked grave.

“Will you promise never to lose your liking for me?—I am very greedy of that.”

“There is nothing that could happen that could make me not like you, I think,” Beatrix replied, and she did not quite mean what she said.

“There can nothing happen to give you cause for liking me less,” Blanche answered, heartily; and she did mean what she said, and did wish to give Beatrix some comforting assurance respecting Frank at the same time. Then they all got themselves together again, and talked about the cottage in the village, which, to use Mrs. Lyon's words, “was the very place she wished to live and die in.” And presently Edgar came out to join them, and it was proposed and carried by universal consent that they should all drive down after luncheon and judge of the merits of the dwelling for themselves.

“I have heard from Marian to-day,” Edgar Talbot said, when luncheon was nearly over.—“She pretends to be in great distress about her husband's niece; there was some sort of understanding or engagement between the girl and some young fellow in the country, and, as usual, Mrs. Sutton has marred the harmony.”

“What has she done?” they all asked, eagerly. The tale of how the course of true love has been made to run roughly always meets with an attentive audience.

“Oh, she speaks as the injured one—a sure sign with Marian that she has been very much to blame. Even Mark is angry, and that is a state of things that does not at all agree with Mrs. Sutton.”

“Your sister is one of the most fascinating women I ever met,” Frank Bathurst said, good-naturedly.

“So I have heard,” Edgar replied. “Well, her latest fascinations have been exercised in making a good, honest, foolish young fellow unhappy, and in proving to him that ‘every woman is a rake at heart;’ we have every reason to be proud of our sister's genius for making people miserable.”

He spoke very bitterly, for Marian's letter had been very bitter to him. She had reviled him for that which he could not help—his own ruin, namely—and she had upbraided him for having wasted her husband's and her husband's sister's money. After a page or two of this matter she had gone on to tell him how a misunderstanding had arisen between her niece Ellen and the young man to whom Ellen was engaged, and she had appended to this statement a sentence which had grated more harshly than all her revilings upon her brother's feelings.

“He came up to town a day or two ago to reproach me, I believe; but unwittingly I gave a sop to Cerberus, and now he would undergo the tortures of a row with his lady-love every week, provided the reconciliation-scene may take place under my auspices; he is really a perfect Apollo, and only wants polishing to make him the most perfect cavalier in the row.”

This was the paragraph in her letter that most sorely wounded her brother; these were the sentiments that made him say bitterly that they had every reason to be proud of Marian. It seemed good to Lionel to change the topic, which he did by asking:

“How shall we divide ourselves to go down to the village?”

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A PLEASANT little trip, hardly to be excelled for beauty of scenery and fresh breezes, is that to Coney Island. If you are very fashionable and exclusive, however, you had better not take this excursion, for Coney Island is a favorite resort, during the hot weather, of common people, who want some fresh air and a good time, and who have not their thousands with which to pay for it. Notwithstanding, if you are not *too* aristocratic, and select an early hour in the day for going, you will find the boat comfortable, the sail down the bay charming, the breezes invigorating, and enough on the barren-looking Island to amuse you until—you can come back.

A steamer is running regularly to the Island, leaving Christopher Street daily at twenty minutes past the hours of nine, twelve, and three o'clock. The steamer touches, twenty minutes later, at Jay Street, and forty minutes later at Morris Street. There are also routes by cars, pleasant enough; but at this season people prefer to go by water.

Coney Island possesses several hotels, where temporary accommodations are furnished; over a hundred bathing-houses, where dresses and conveniences for bathing can be obtained; there is also plenty of sand and surf. If you wish for neither chowders nor clams, and have no inclination to plunge into the briny waves, you had better seat yourself comfortably on the white beach and watch the ever-changing surf and the bathers. You will thus quickly dream away an hour or two, and wonder, when the steamer comes by which you can return, how short the time has been.

Strawberries have been abundant this year, and “Festivals” have flourished. Even before the season was at its height it was stated that more than 195,000 quarts of strawberries were brought into the city daily. One or two other items in this connection will be of interest. The little baskets holding half a pint, more or less, in which the fruit is sent to market, cost about 1¼ cents apiece. Men, women, and children engage in gathering the crop, the remuneration ranging from $1 to $1 25 per 100 baskets. The amount of fruit which each picker gathers in a day depends somewhat upon his ambition to make money. From 100 to 200 baskets a day is the usual result of a picker's effort, though an Irish girl, who “threw her soul” into the work, gathered 400 baskets not long since—the greatest result of a day's picking on record. Staten Island furnishes some of the nicest strawberries which come to the city; and New Jersey would seem to be one vast strawberry field, if we judge by the amount of fruit coming from there.

Fruit is a great luxury in warm weather, and when fresh is undoubtedly conducive to health. There is, however, a great quantity of poor, half-decayed fruit imposed upon our citizens. Berries which were not sold yesterday are to-day mixed by unscrupulous dealers with enough fresh ones to present a fair outside, and many a purchaser is deceived, and not a few doctors' bills incurred. In these days strict honesty is so rare a jewel that every one who buys must needs examine the articles critically for himself.

Fire-crackers and torpedoes foretell the coming of the “Fourth.” If the enterprising youth of the city could be excused from throwing the above-named missiles under horses' feet and ladies' dresses it might be safer and quite as agreeable to the community. Wonderful improvements have been made in fire-works, even during the last year. The mere names of the pieces form a long and fancy-exciting list, in regard to which it is quite impossible for “Young America” to feel calm and quiet. The “Revolving Globe,” the “Kaleidoscope,” “Weeping Willow,” “Japanese Glory,” “Mexican Sun,” “Japanese Fan,” “Saturn and Satellites,” “Tableau Fire,” “Parachute,” and numerous other novelties in the market indicate that the inventive faculties of pyrotechnists have been busy. Fire-works are in general merely for show; but within a few years past efforts have been made to apply them to practical purposes. It is stated that the rocket is now used for the capture of whales off the coast of Iceland, where it is impossible to secure them by the ordinary harpoon. Attempts have been made from time to time with all sorts of rockets to cast a life-saving line a long distance. This has at length been accomplished by the “Rocket Bomb,” which can throw a line a distance of five miles from the beach across a vessel, or from a ship to the shore.

The new City Directory contains over 177,000 names, of which not less than 1830 are Smiths. “John Smith” is honorably mentioned 185 times—a distinction which is conferred on no other citizen.

Many a mother's heart was thrilled with horror while reading the account of a shocking accident which recently occurred at the Bay Ridge Hotel, near Fort Hamilton. It was on Sunday. Three children—an infant, a boy of seven, and a little girl of three years—were left in charge of a nurse while the parents went to church. The nurse, however, left the two oldest by themselves while she went down stairs to gossip with the servants. During her absence the little boy and girl ascended a winding stairway leading to a platform in a cupola, or observatory, on the roof of the house. Having reached the top, however, and attempting to return, both of the children fell from the platform at the cupola top to the floor beneath, a distance of over forty feet. The girl struck on her head, fracturing the skull so badly that the brains oozed out. The boy suffered severe bruises about his head and body. Both cases were pronounced by the attending physician critical and nearly hopeless. A sad warning this is to mothers to leave their little ones in careful hands.

A Pennsylvania farmer recently “struck gold.” He was digging on the side of the road for the purpose of setting a gate-post, when the spade struck a box, which caused him to think of buried treasure; so he persevered in his digging until he had got the box entirely clear, when he raised it to the surface and opened it. It was found to contain some twenty gold coins, about the size of the “Eagle,” a number of silver coins, and some articles of jewelry. The coins are all over one hundred years old, and the jewelry was of the most antique pattern.

It is reported that a Vermont lady, who has been collecting gold beads for twenty years, in fulfillment of the dying request of a relative, now has a string thirty feet long, containing more than one thousand, some of which are worth from three to five dollars apiece. We have not seen the beads.

A distinguished Professor of Chemistry in this city once placed a linen handkerchief in the explosive condition of gun-cotton and threw it into the wash. Bridget washed, dried, and sprinkled it ready for ironing without a suspicion of its character. The moment she placed the hot iron upon it the handkerchief vanished into thin air, nearly frightening the poor girl out of her senses. Had this occurred an age ago the Professor would have passed for a “limb of Satan.”

Cockroaches are a perpetual torment to New York housekeepers. However nice and careful they may be—the housekeepers we mean—a constant warfare must be carried on to keep the creatures at a comfortable distance. Powders and poisons are used with an unsparing hand, and yet they seem to be brisk and numerous, and every where present, just as if they liked the diet. The following incident, for the truth of which we are not responsible, may suggest an effectual remedy: A physician one night left a dozen blue pills carelessly exposed; soon after he had turned in he observed the box surrounded by cockroaches, and being too lazy to get up he had to submit to see his pills carried off within a few minutes by a dozen roaches, each one carrying a pill. Next morning his floor was strewed with the dead and dying, some exhibiting all the symptoms of an advanced stage of mercurial salivation, and some still swallowing little morsels of pills.

In two accounts of the invention of the stocking-loom, given by different writers, it is somewhat curious that, although quite unlike in names and details, both agree in referring the origin of it to *love*. One story is that a young Oxford student, falling in love with and marrying an inn-keeper's daughter, lost his fellowship by it, and soon became extremely poor. Their only support was from knitting stockings, at which the woman was very expert. But the scholar, often fixing his eyes on the dextrous management of the needles by his wife, thought it was possible to contrive a little loom to do the work with more expedition. He joined his head to her hands, and soon the stocking-loom was mounted, by which he made himself and his family happy.

The other account is, that a clergyman of the Established Church paid his addresses to a young woman in his neighborhood, who affected to treat him with negligence to ascertain her power over his affections. Whenever he paid his visits she always took care to be busily employed in knitting, and would pay no attention to him. She pursued this conduct to such an extent, and for so long a period, that the lover became disgusted; and he vowed to devote his future leisure, instead of dancing attendance on a capricious woman, to devising an invention that should effectually supersede her favorite employment of knitting. He succeeded, and in vain did she afterward try to reclaim his attentions. She found, too late, she had carried her humors too far.

It is said that the climate of Russian America from the coast from Prince of Wales Island to the entrance of Behring's Straits during the winter months is about the same as the City of Washington. Little snow, much rain. During summer months very foggy. Native copper has been discovered in various places on the coast and in the vicinity of Copper River. Iron ore of excellent quality is now being smelted and worked by Russian artisans. Coal is found in large quantities similar to New Brunswick coal, but not equal to Cumberland coal. Recent discoveries have been made of what is believed to be a better quality of coal not yet tested. Surface washings of gold have been discovered on the headwaters of streams on the east side of the coast range of mountains.

A simple machine has been patented which may be found useful during July and August. It consists in principle of a rotary fan drawing a powerful current of air through a case packed with sponges, which may be saturated with any purifying, ozonizing, or freezing mixture, and thus a cool, pure, fresh, or, if you please, perfumed breeze may be enjoyed in any situation and at any season.

A novel story is told of a young couple in Ohio who planned an elopement. The girl descended from her room upon the traditional ladder, but at the gate they were met by the father of the girl and a minister, by whom the young couple were escorted to the parlor, where, to their surprise, they found all their relatives collected for the marriage ceremony, which took place at once.

Not long ago a chivalrous St. Louis lover, having been refused the hand of his sweet-heart, threw her mother on the floor and gave her a sound thrashing, and then took her brother into an adjoining stable and beat him badly with a strap.

As a set-off to the above is the story of an Indiana lady, who, having been betrayed into some indiscretions under promise of marriage, armed herself with a revolver, sought out her false lover, and, pointing the revolver at his head from time to time as occasion required, forced him to go with her to obtain a license, to accompany her to the justice, and to go through the marriage ceremony. It is said that the bride's responses were very distinct and positive, while the groom's were scarcely audible. After the ceremony the unwilling groom seized his hat and “scooted.” The bride made what arrangement she could about the “fees,” and withdrew with her brother, who had accompanied her all the time.

The estimated cost of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is now being built on Fifth Avenue between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets, is $4,000,000. The foundations of this building were laid in 1858, but for some time all work upon it ceased. It will occupy an entire block. The whole structure above the base course is to be of fine white marble. The towers will reach the height of three hundred and twenty-eight feet from the ground. There will be in all one hundred and three windows, set in double tiers at the sides—the lower thirty-two feet in height, and the upper twenty-eight feet, giving a lofty and grand effect. The glass will be stained in rich and varied patterns, giving the interior a “dim, religious light.” Every thing about this Cathedral is to be finished in the highest style of art, and when completed it will undoubtedly be the finest building of the kind in the country. It is said to be built by the free-will offerings of the Catholic community. This is probably true to a certain extent; but, if we are not misinformed, it is also true that the Catholic servant-girls in our city are *required* to give each month a certain portion of their wages to aid in building this Cathedral. The poorer classes generally among Catholics are doubtless expected to do the same.

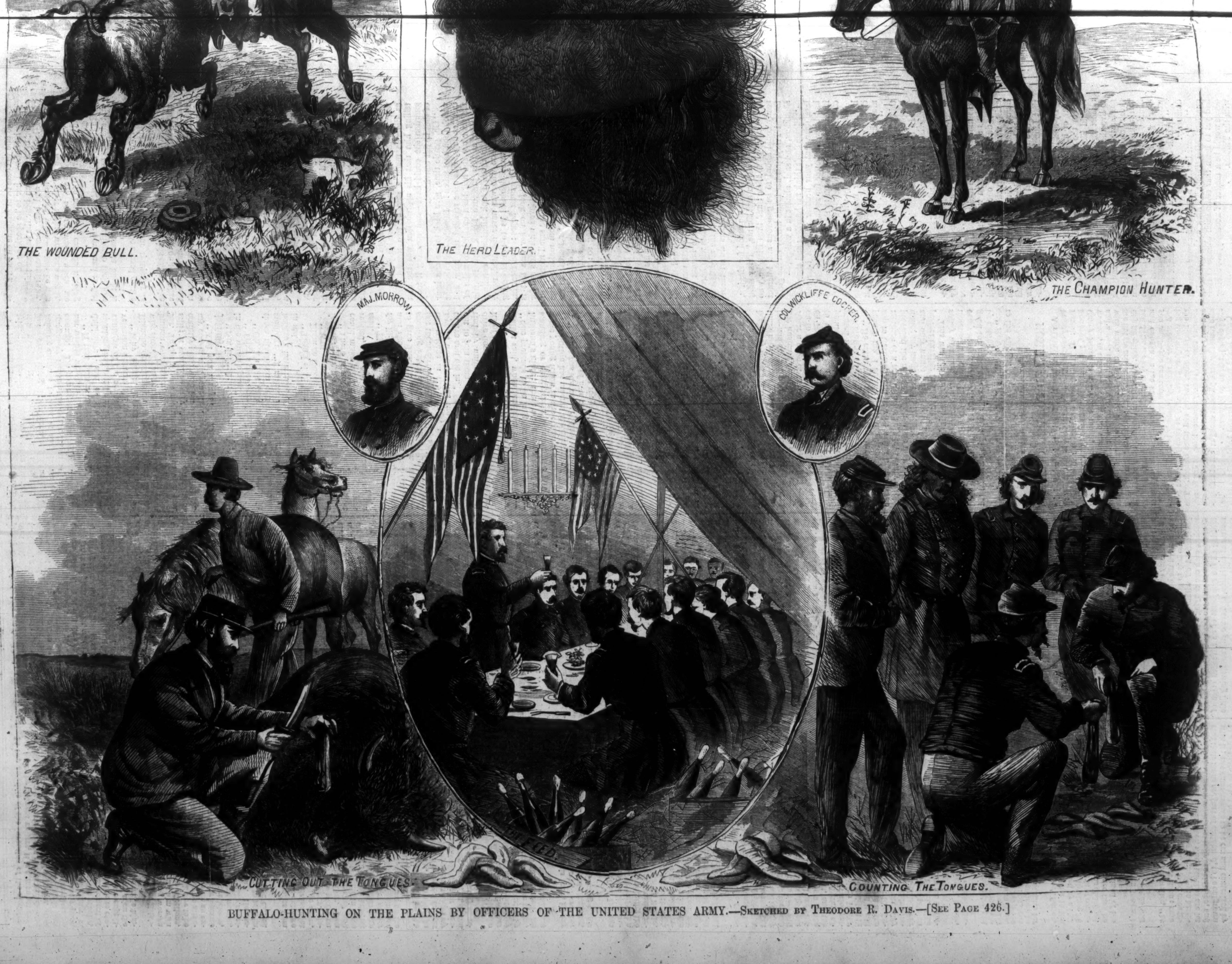
Dr. Harris, registrar of the Board of Health, has recently written a circular on the subject of disinfectants, in which he says:

> “Fresh air and pure water, constant ventilation and cleansing, are natural means of preventing and destroying the causes of infection and disease. *Let fresh air and sunlight purify every place they can reach.* Open and dry all cellars and vaults, and keep the grounds and surfaces about dwellings as dry and clean as possible. Let domestic and personal cleanliness be every where observed. There are no substitutes for fresh air and water.”

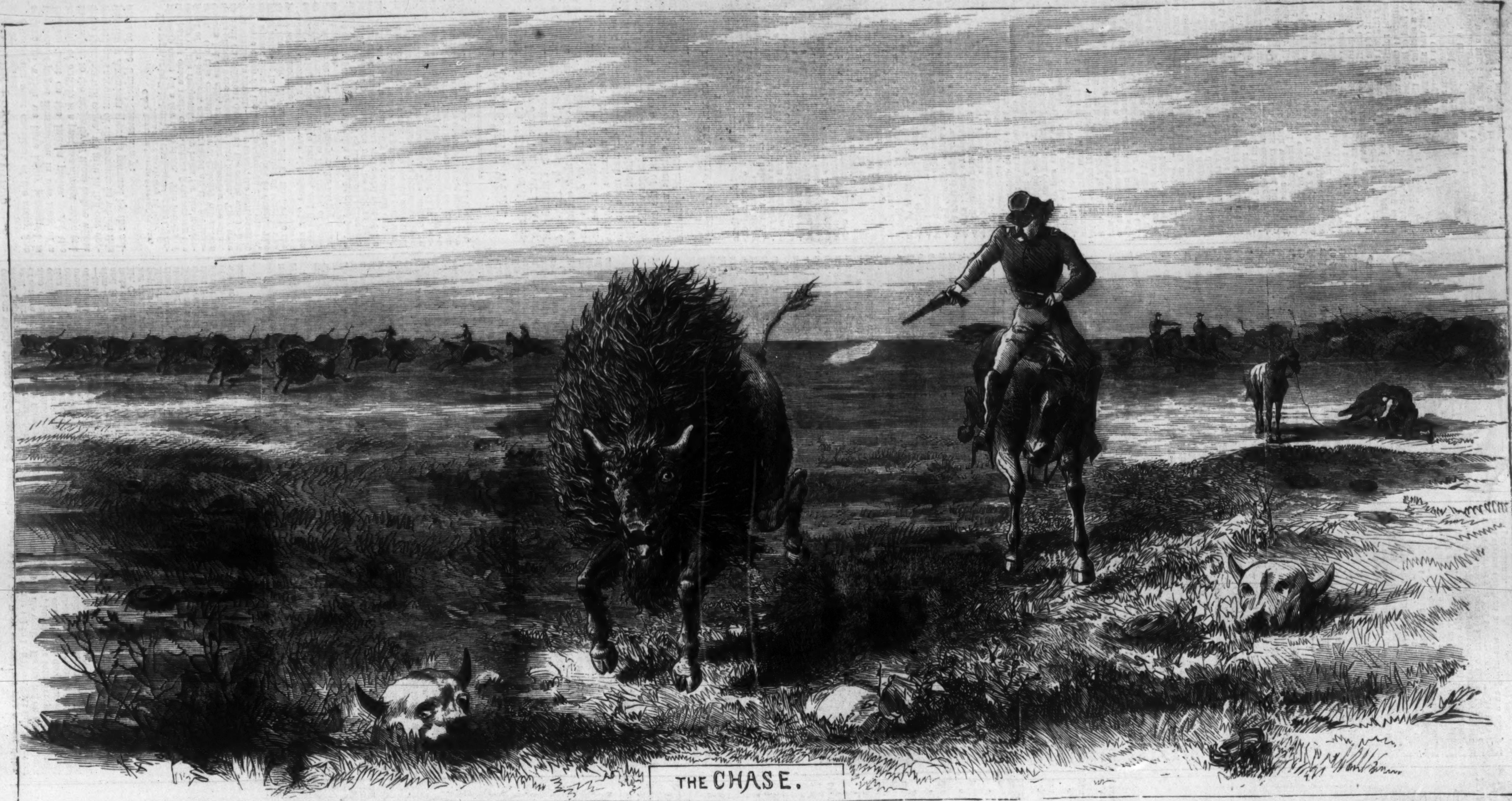
The following incident is singular: John A. Sarten, of Warrensburg, Missouri, who was a soldier in the Federal army during the war, was wounded by a ball which penetrated to his lungs. Frequently since he has coughed up blood. During an unusual fit of coughing on Wednesday of last week the ball was dislodged from the lungs by being coughed up. Since then he has been relieved, and hopes are entertained of his final recovery.

An agricultural paper mentions that clean fine sand sprinkled over seeds when sown in flower-beds will cause them to vegetate more readily.

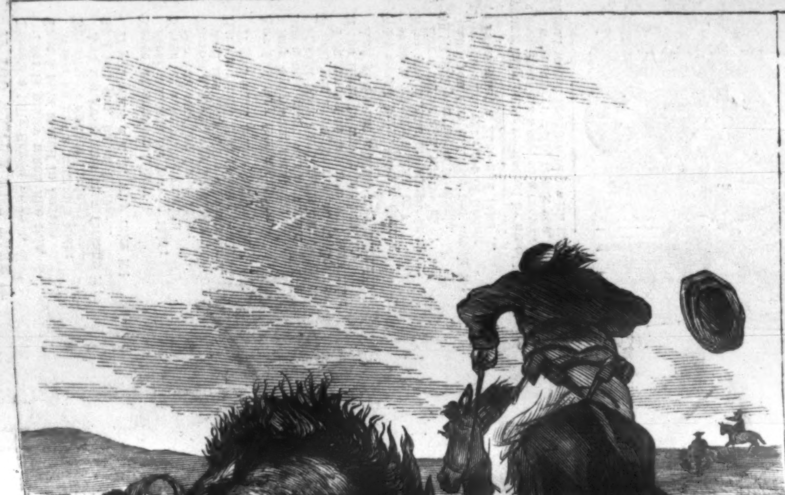
“Don't be frightened,” says a sensible writer, “at the children's naughty actions. Prevent them; cure the bad habits as far as you can; put in good ones instead; keep the little people busy and happy in harmless occupations, and remember, when stitches are let down in the tedious work, that they are children, and that their faults are part of childhood, to be outgrown with it: not excrescences to be cut and cauterized by bloody knife and hot iron.”

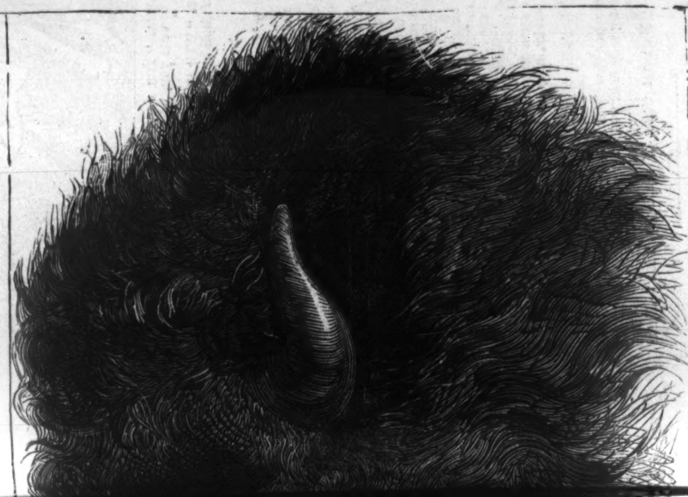

THE WOUNDED BULL.
THE HERD LEADER.
THE CHAMPION HUNTER.
MAJ. MORROW.
COL. WICKLIFFE COOPER.
THE FEED.
CUTTING OUT THE TONGUES.
COUNTING THE TONGUES.

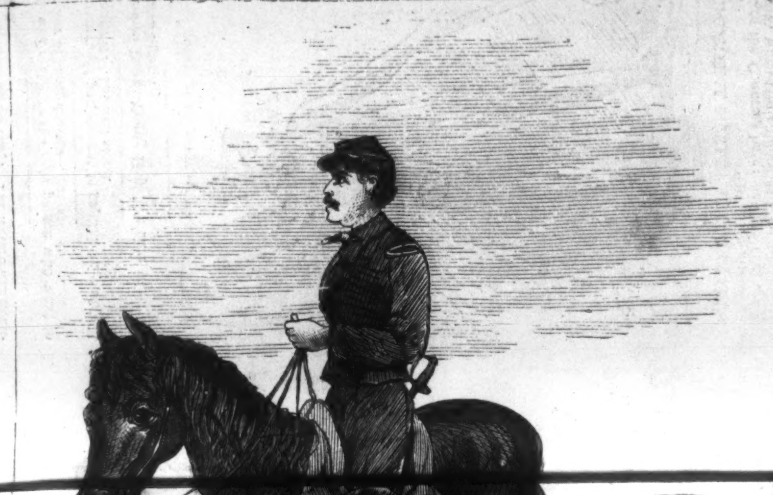
BUFFALO-HUNTING ON THE PLAINS BY OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 426.]



THE CHASE.







## THE BUFFALO-HUNT.

Among the most excellent of the many fine engravings which we have lately presented is the double-paged illustration in this issue of a Buffalo-hunt on the Indian plains. As the hunting of buffalo is a pastime almost unknown in practice to the majority of those before whom these sketches will come, we give in full our correspondent's account of the manner in which this peculiarly American sport is pursued by the soldiers of the United States army:

Camp Seventh United States Cavalry,
Near Fort Hays, *May* 28, 1867.

The regular buffalo-hunt for the honors of the Championship came off a few days since. The leaders of the parties chose their companions from among the officers of the regiment, made rules for the government of the hunters, and arranged all the preliminaries. On this occasion Brevet-Colonel Wickliffe Cooper led one side, and Major Morrow the other. Seven officers were chosen by each leader. They were to hunt on different days, and the chase was to last from sunrise to sunset—that is to say, the parties must not leave camp for the hunting-ground until sunrise, and sunset must find them returned to camp. The party bringing in the largest number of tongues was to be the victor. No shot should be fired while the party was dismounted.

Colonel Cooper's party was victorious "by one tongue," having killed twelve buffaloes, and the other party eleven. Captain Louis Hamilton, of Company A, was declared the Champion, he having killed four buffaloes.

The losing party was to furnish a "right good feed," which was to be partaken of by the officers of the regiment. This last performance may be said to have been the most satisfactory and successful part of the hunt. The supper was certainly an excellent one.

In order to find buffalo the parties were compelled to ride fifteen or twenty miles; the horses were tired by this long ride, and, besides, were perfectly green at the business of buffalo-hunting. The buffalo are thin now, and capable of running faster at this season of the year than during the fall or summer. When all this is considered there is no reason to question the prowess of the officers engaged in the hunt. The scenes depicted will give a very fair idea of the hunt.

## Dr. DRAPER'S NEW WORK.

The first volume of a "History of the American Civil War," by John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor in the University of New York, has been published by Harper & Brothers in the superb style of their edition of the Emperor Napoleon's "Life of Julius Cæsar." Naturally Dr. Draper writes in an argumentative rather than a narrative style, and his book is consequently devoted more to the analysis of the causes which produced the rebellion and the various important changes which accompanied it, than to a narration of the events themselves. The following extracts will indicate the peculiar style and learned and profound character of the work:

### THE LAST DAYS OF MR. BUCHANAN'S ADMINISTRATION.

In considering Mr. Buchanan's conduct during these trying times, we must bear in mind the special circumstances in which he was placed. He was living in an atmosphere of treason. His cabinet was disorganized; its confidential policy was repeatedly betrayed; a ship could not be ordered on secret service without the telegraph at once giving information to the secession conspiracy. All Washington was converted into a whispering gallery; what was uttered in secrecy in its council chamber was instantly reverberated to Montgomery. Senators who had sworn to support the Constitution of the United States were intriguing for its overthrow. Representatives were holding their seats in Congress merely to embarrass legislation, and be of service to the insurgents. It was a state of things which recalled the old times when conspirators against Rome were treasonably establishing a camp in Etruria, and Catiline was meeting with the Senate in the Temple of Jupiter Stator. Conclaves were held under the very shadow of the Capitol for the seizure of forts, arsenals, custom-houses, and for the organization of Conventions to insure secession in the distant States—the telegraph and the post-office were tampered with. Officers, forgetful of the honor of a soldier, surrendered their commissions—nay, more, surrendered the army; sailors were surrendering ships; arsenals were stealthily despoiled. The Government itself was secretly disarmed; its munitions of war were transferred to its assailant; its troops, under specious pretenses, were sent off to the frontiers, there to be entrapped; its navy was treacherously dispersed all over the ocean; its finances, with atrocious skill, were brought apparently into irremediable ruin. The public offices were swarming with disloyal men, and even of many of those who were loyal, the wives and daughters were not to be trusted. Nothing could be hidden from the female spies who pervaded society in Washington through and through. When Mr. Buchanan saw that so dreadful was the general demoralization that acts from which men had heretofore recoiled with abomination were now gloried in, and that there was no wickedness for which a justification could not be found; when he saw that he was held not only officially, but personally responsible for what was taking place, it is not to be wondered at that after the cabinet meeting of December 27 he lived in terror of assassination. On New-Year's day hardly any of the customary calls were made on him. Loyal and disloyal men declined to shake hands with him. "I have tried," he said to Senator Fitzpatrick, "to do my duty to both sections, and have displeased both; I am isolated in the world." The disastrous issues of the self-contradictions of the party that had borne him to power were concentrating on his head. It was impossible for him to please one side without giving mortal offense to the other. A resolute man—a Cromwell—may cease to smile when he finds himself cut off from human sympathy, and sees a dagger coming out of every shadow; a weak man—a Buchanan—is appalled. Not without truth was it asserted in France that his presidency had been consumed in frantic attempts to prevent the escape of the slave power, and the consequent ruin of the Democratic party; that the South was determined to get out of the Union the moment the balance inclined against her, and that the rebellion was prepared at leisure; it was a slavery *coup d'état*. These were not the times for one whose qualifications for his great office were subsequently described by his antagonist, Mr. Davis, the President of the Confederacy, as being that "he more nearly fulfilled the European idea of chief of state in his social relations than any other American since Washington; that he was dignified, polished, reticent, suave, fond of lady-gossip and the atmosphere of intrigue, a stickler for the ceremony of power." The President was alternately querulously casting the responsibility on Congress, and alternately proposing vain compromises with a triumphant conspiracy. The times demanded something more than a dextrous politician, a trimming placeman. The roaring gulf of a revolutionary Niagara could not be crossed by an acrobat, who must make his way on a slender and fearfully swaying rope, whose head was giddy with terror, and who, in mid-passage, had dropped his balancing-pole.

But the President was not unavenged for this outrage of the commissioners. This was the second occasion on which, through ill-conceived or unsuitable state papers, South Carolina brought injury on herself. Nor was that injury restricted to the forfeiture of esteem on the part of her friends in the North; it also extended to the slaveholding States; and accordingly it was seen in the subsequent administration of the affairs of the Confederacy that she never occupied a controlling position. Her office was to break the Union by violence. In that most important of all state papers which she could possibly put forth—the declaration of causes which induced her secession—she failed to rise to the dignity of the occasion, and instead of that masterly exhibition of the great facts of the case, which would have been given had Mr. Calhoun been spared to her, she sought to justify her momentous action by the weakest and most unpopular of the arguments that were at her command. Modern civilization had conclusively repudiated African slavery. It was not likely to accept any infractions of the Fugitive Slave Law by the States of the North as a sufficient vindication for the inducing of civil war, and especially when it was openly affirmed that South Carolina herself had never lost a single slave through that cause. In Europe, the inadequacy of this document was a signal disappointment to those who were well disposed to favor its revolutionary intent.

### GERMAN AND IRISH IMMIGRANTS.

Speaking of the influence of the Irish and German immigration on the settlement of the Western States Dr. Draper says:

With the German immigration it was different. It made itself felt intellectually in the community among which it settled, because its own intellectual development, though in one sense special, was very high. Its ideas, to say the least, were on a par with those of the American. It brought industry and intelligence, and overcame the difficulties and drawbacks of a foreign tongue. Though its Sabbath ideas were not congenial to the more austere American, he instantly appreciated and accepted its tastes. Among these may be specially mentioned a love of music and the fine arts.

Such were the benefits conferred by the better class of German immigrants, who, for the most part, found occupation in commercial and business pursuits often on a very imposing scale. The rustic German, plodding, poor, and ignorant, unlike the Irishman, avoids the populous cities, preferring to settle in the rich prairie-lands. Assisted by his wife, who shares his toils, he turns those great meadows into gardens. In place of the wild flowers that sway to and fro in the wind, he raises crops of golden grain, converting the roaming grounds of wild animals into harvest-fields. His yellow-haired children, under the free sky and surrounded by a vast unbroken horizon, are confirmed in their native Teutonic love of liberty. Patient, laborious, independent, he looks upon slavery with hatred, and on the slaveholder with contempt.

Gigantesque in his ideas, and not unfrequently in his conversation, the Western man is conscious of destiny when he affirms that he is laying the foundations of a great republic—a Colossus that, in the days of his grandchildren, will grasp Europe in one hand and Asia in the other.

## WINGLETS

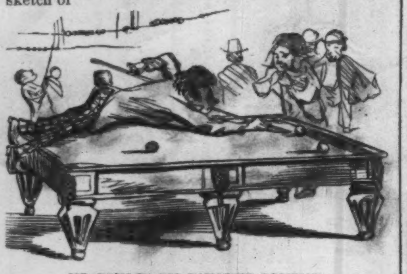
### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Montreal, Dominion of Canada, *June* 18, 1867.

Dear Weekly,—I last night attended the great billiard match for the championship of America and the Russian Possessions, with $2000 and the possession of a golden Q (and which might properly be associated in history with the "golden fleece," seeing how many are *fleeced* at billiards by not minding their p's and q's), that was played at Mechanics Hall in this city. Phelan of your city was chosen referee, and, of course, every thing in reference to the game between the contestants was conducted in the most *Phelan* manner.

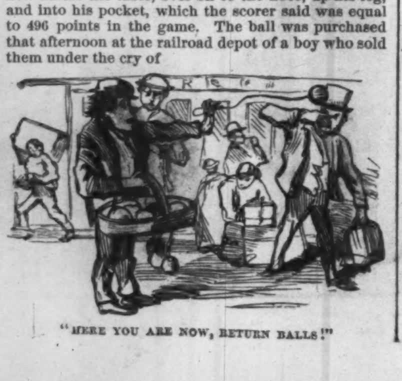
The match was between Dion and M'Devitt, and some people who didn't know the men thought M'Devitt was Dion about half the time, he laid himself out so on the game. Mrs. Betsy Thompson, the fat widow who keeps the restaurant in the basement, was much opposed to Dion, which gave rise to the remarks among many sporting men present that *heavy Betz* was offered on the side of M'Devitt with no takers, which was indeed discouraging, particularly for Betz.

The play was very cautious from the outset; neither wanted to "push" $2000, so to speak, into the other's pocket. The audience was quite large and excited—each player received a good scoring from his friends and backers in cases where he got none from the game-keeper. In the thirteenth inning M'Devitt was pretty well cut, Dion pushing a nasty ball, scoring M'Devitt and the table-cloth badly. Below I give a sketch of



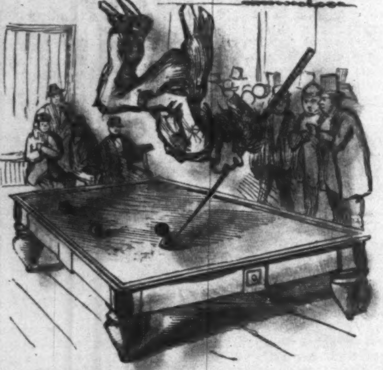
MR. DION IN HIS FAVORITE POSITION,

the one he assumes on the home stretch. The greatest stretching he did was in the twentieth round, when he came up "smiling," caroming his ball at an angle of 22½° across the top of the table, down one leg, across the floor, at an angle of 45°, up his pantaloon leg, and into his pocket. It is very seldom a shot like this is ever seen in this country. A gentleman here told me it was not possible outside of Canada. I told the gentleman I thought it equaled some of the best shots of the "Queen's Own" in their Fenian engagement. He made no reply. On inspecting the ball closely, which was a red one, I discovered a small string of gum-elastic attached to it, and the other end to his suspender button; thus by a vigorous push it flew across the table, over on to the floor, up his leg, and into his pocket, which the scorer said was equal to 496 points in the game. The ball was purchased that afternoon at the railroad depot of a boy who sold them under the cry of



"HERE YOU ARE NOW, RETURN BALLS!"

and which Mr. Dion assured me was a neat thing. Betting now was 16½ to 1 on Dion. At this M'Devitt warmed up to his work. He started on a run, struck the little joker, knocked it into every pocket round the table, and out of them down into the back-yard and up the front-stairs, and right past the ticket office without a "check," and into the middle of the table. Great cheering for M'Devitt. Score stood 1400 to 664.

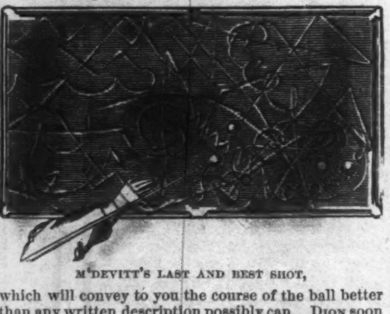


DION NOW GOT EXCITED.

Taking the cue in his teeth, and putting both hands in his pocket, he ran around the table three times. when turning a somersault he struck the ball with the butt end of his cue in a most beautiful and scientific manner, scoring a big run and his nose badly. Great cheering for Dion. Score now stood 1400 to 2030, Dion having scored 1384 by this shot alone.

At this point the game became tame again, both parties seeming to have exhausted themselves. Mr. Phelan, the referee, busied himself in looking over the authorities so as to determine the proper score for such "runs" as the players had just made; not coming to a satisfactory conclusion from the books, a vote was taken after each shot by the audience as to how much it should count. For some time the players seemed to be unlucky, Dion's balls "kissing" with great frequency, and showing as much familiarity as if they were "masked balls." M'Devitt's several times became "frozen," and he had to keep pushing them about to keep up their circulation. Though each party carefully "nursed" their ivories, they seemed incapable of large runs. After a while M'Devitt again came on the carpet, and picking up both of the balls he put them in his pocket, and kept them there for half an hour. This occasioned great cheering for M'Devitt. He is the only player, the scorer said, who had succeeded in keeping his opponent's ball in the pocket for so long a time at one play. M'Devitt's score now stood 5000 to 2030. Dion now made a break, and got the reds under the lining of the table, and pushed them around for some time before he got them out. This little play sent Dion's score up to about 8000. Mr. Phelan remarked that if this style of play was going to continue it would be necessary for him to get a set of blank books to keep the count in, as he had never witnessed such playing before in his life. This was the celebrated "push" shot in so much favor by many players.

Things now began looking badly for M'Devitt, but he got a magnificent run just at this point, which came near giving him the whole 10,000—the number of the game. The ball was about half an hour going through its evolutions and making its home run. I herewith inclose a diagram of



M'DEVITT'S LAST AND BEST SHOT,

which will convey to you the course of the ball better than any written description possibly can. Dion soon after this put in his prettiest and last shot, which scored him the game, he making 10,003 to M'Devitt's 9997. This shot went in under the cloth at one point, came out at another, and caromed into M'Devitt's eye with considerable force. Mr. Phelan said this scored Dion out, but M'Devitt failed to "see it," as indeed any thing else, for some time, and the impression was pretty general with the audience that somebody's eye will be shut up whenever a match game at billiards is played.

The players now adjourned to the restaurant and made an immense "run" on Mrs. Betsy Thompson's edibles and drinkables, the winner of the late game scoring up a tremendous figure on the widow's slate, the bar-keeper making good innings and pocketing considerable with the greatest ease.

I don't think at billiards I could ever "pocket" much. Your own C. O. W.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Patent Metallic Air-tight Coffin Company.—We would venture to recommend to this Company the following as an advertisement, which would possess the rare advantage of being literally and entirely true: "No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other."

### THE VINEGAR STORY.

BY A PASTOR.

Mr. G—— has one of the largest orchards in the parish, and is so conscientious that his cider is all made into vinegar. But his vinegar was made to sell, not to give away. When his daughter sickened and died I went there almost every day, about five miles off. When she died she had a great funeral, and I sat up most of the night to write a funeral sermon. I called the next day. Then a few days after I went, and thought I would carry my vinegar jug, which just then happened to be empty. The jug was filled. I did not like to take it away without offering to pay, and so I said, as meekly as possible, "What shall I pay you?" "Well," said my good parishioner, "I generally charge twenty-five cents a gallon, but seeing as how you have been so kind to me in trouble, etc., I won't charge you but twenty cents." At this time I had eleven children and was living on a salary of $600 per annum.

Notice.—The View to which Distance lent Enchantment is requested to return it at once, to prevent mistakes.

### IF YOU WANT A KISS, TAKE IT.

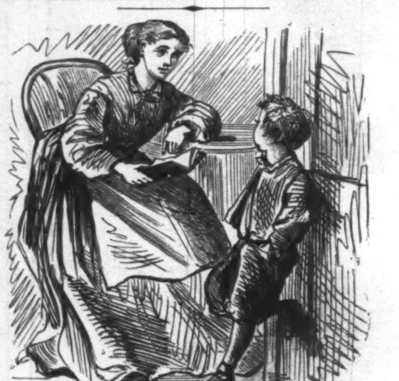
There's a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this,
That a man is half in heaven
When he has a woman's kiss;
But there's danger in delaying—
And the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover—
If you want a kiss, why take it!

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss;
There's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it,
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss, why take it!

Any fool may face a cannon,
Any body wear a crown;
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why take it!

Who would burn upon a desert,
With a forest smiling by?
Who would give his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh! I tell you there is magic,
And you can not, can not break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss, and take it.

A young lady being requested by an old bachelor to take a seat upon his knee, in a crowded sleigh, made the following reply: "No, thank you, I'm afraid such an old seat would break down with me."



Mamma. "You naughty, troublesome boy, I shall have to beat you, which will be quite a punishment to me."

Boy. "Well then, Ma, dear, let me beat you, and then *I* shall be punished."

### HE WOULDN'T PRAY.

There is a rule at Oberlin College that no student shall board at any house where prayers are not regularly made each day. A certain man fitted up a boarding-house and filled it with boarders, but forgot until the eleventh hour the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man himself, he looked around for one who was. At length he found one—a meek young man, from Trumbull county, who agreed to pay for his board in praying. For a while all went smoothly; but the boarding-master furnished his table so poorly that the boarders began to grumble and to leave, and the other morning the praying boarder actually "struck!" Something like the following dialogue occurred at the table:

Landlord. "Will you pray, Mr. Mild?"

Mild. "No, Sir, I will not."

Landlord. "Why not, Mr. Mild?"

Mild. "It don't pay, Sir. I can't pray on such victuals as these. And unless you bind yourself in writing to set a better table than you have for the last three weeks, nary another prayer do you get out of me."

And that's the way the matter stood at latest advices.

"Now put that back where you took it from," as the young lady said when her lover snatched a kiss.

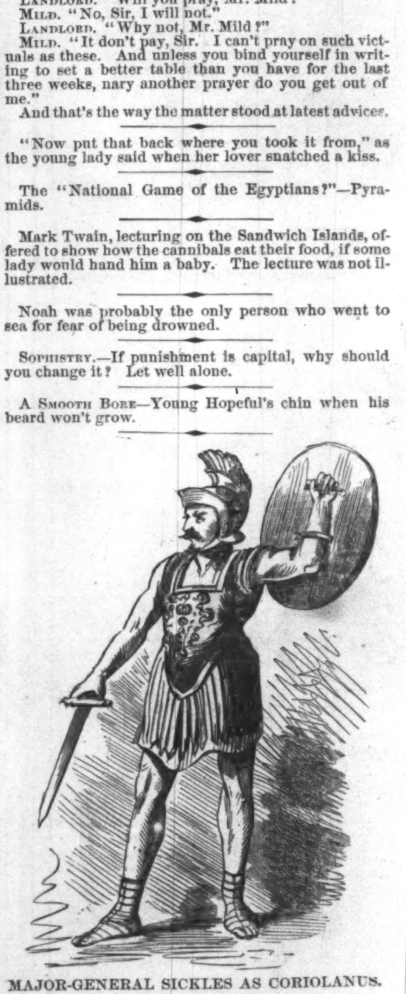
The "National Game of the Egyptians?"—Pyramids.

Mark Twain, lecturing on the Sandwich Islands, offered to show how the cannibals eat their food, if some lady would hand him a baby. The lecture was not illustrated.

Noah was probably the only person who went to sea for fear of being drowned.

Sophistry.—If punishment is capital, why should you change it? Let well alone.

A Smooth Bore—Young Hopeful's chin when his beard won't grow.



MAJOR-GENERAL SICKLES AS CORIOLANUS.

*Cor.* "By Jove himself,
It makes the Congress base: and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other."

*Shakspeare amended by John.*

## MAUDE CLARE.

OUT of the church she followed them,
  With a lofty step and mein;
His bride was like a village maid,
  Maude Clare was like a queen.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,
  With smiles, almost with tears,
"May Nell and you but live as true
  As we have done for years:

"Your father thirty years ago
  Had just your tale to tell:
But he was not so pale as you,
  Nor I so pale as Nell."

My lord was pale with inward strife,
  And Nell was pale with pride;
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
  Or ever he kissed the bride.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
  Have brought my gift," she said:
"To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
  To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
  You wore about your neck
That day we waded ankle-deep
  For lilies in the beck:

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
  We plucked from budding bough,
With feet among the lily-leaves—
  The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
  He faltered in his place:
"Lady," he said—"Mand Clare," he said—
"Maude Clare"—and hid his face.

She turned to Nell: "My Lady Nell,
  I have a gift for you;
Though, were it fruit, the bloom were gone,
  Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
  Mine of a paltry love:
Take it or leave it as you will,
  I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,
  And what you spurn I'll wear;
For he's my lord for better and worse,
  And him I love, Mand Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,
  More wise, and much more fair,
I'll love him till he loves me best—
  Me best of all—Maude Clare."

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

### Book II.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A LETTER FROM AUNT MARY.

THE steady-flowing stream of time, that will neither hurry nor slacken its course for any mortal of us all, brought, in due season, the spring to earth, and the Easter holidays to Mrs. Hatchett's establishment. Mabel had been looking and longing for an answer to her letter to her aunt, but it was not until about a week before the breaking up that the wished-for letter arrived. As, however, Mabel did not deem it right to take Mrs. Hatchett by surprise, she had given her notice of her intention to leave Eastfield at Easter. "I am cutting myself adrift," she thought; "but, come what may, I will not remain here. I would rather wear out my muscles than my heart-strings; if the worst comes to the worst, and Aunt Mary does not answer my letter, I can take Betty's place at Hazlehurst. It is better to do honest work with one's hands than dishonest work with one's head."

From which it may be seen that Mabel was quite insensible to the advantage of Mrs. Hatchett's school being conducted on the strictest principles of gentility.

Mrs. Hatchett, on the other hand, was sufficiently alive to her own interest to regret Mabel's departure, and even threw out, in a ruminating way, which recalled the old gray pony more vividly than ever, vague hints of a possible rise of salary and diminution of labor, if she would consent to remain.

At last came the letter from Aunt Mary. And here it is:

"DUBLIN, *April* 9.

"MY DARLING CHILD,—I cried with joy to get your letter, and with sorrow over the news it contained. We all feel very much, dear Mabel, for your mother in her bereavement, and for you, and for the little boy. You know very well that Mr. Saxelby never quite understood us, but we have never felt any rancor against him. I'm quite sure he was a good conscientious man, who tried to do his duty, and sometimes I fear that I may have been a little hard upon him in my thoughts. God forgive me, if it is so. Your letter was forwarded to here by my old friend Richard Price, of the York Circuit. It followed me from place to place for a long time, so that will account for the delay in answering it. You ask a great deal about ourselves, but I must first speak of you, darling Mabel, and get that off my mind. You say you have firmly resolved to go on the stage. Uncle John and I have talked it all over together very anxiously. If your prospects were better, or if you thought you could make up your mind to your present life, I would say, 'Don't try a theatrical life.' Not that I ought to speak ill of the bridge that has carried me safely over. God knows I have many times thanked Him with all my heart that I had the power to earn my bread by my profession. But then, you see, my dear child, I know all the ins and outs of it; all the little troubles—and sometimes the big troubles, too!—and trials, and heart-burnings. However, Uncle John says that no calling in life is free from them, and that the reason why professional men so often wish their sons to follow any other profession than their own is, that every man knows his own troubles much better than he knows his neighbor's, and I dare say that's very true, Mabel. Shoes that look very pretty pinch very hard sometimes; but who can tell that except the wearer? Well, now, I mustn't scribble on all day, but come to the point. Uncle John and I send you our dear love, and if you will come to us, Mabel, and share our home, as in the old days—happy days they were, dear, in spite of all, at least they were so to us—we will try to put you in the way of making a beginning. I suppose you don't expect to come out in Lady Macbeth, or any thing of that sort? And then, you know, dear Mabel, it remains to be proved whether you have any real—I was going to say talent, but Uncle John, to whom I am reading aloud what I have written, makes me say—*aptitude* for the stage. You were always very clever and sensible as a child. But so many clever and sensible people are so very stupid behind the footlights. Not that I think you would be stupid any where, only, you know, it is *not* quite as easy as some folks fancy it to be. For my part, I have always been very glad to know that acting does not quite 'come by nature,' as Dogberry says reading and writing do. Uncle John says that is the real artist's feeling; but I think it is only because I like to be sure that I earn my money honestly. I don't express myself very clearly, dear Mabel, but I dare say you will understand what I mean. My poor child, how I cried over the picture of you sitting up in that lonely garret all the holiday time, studying Shakspeare! By-the-by, your studying will be of hardly any use to you, because the acting editions are quite different. As to ourselves, you will see by the date of this that we are in Ireland. I have been settled here now for three seasons, and Jack is engaged as second scene-painter, and we are doing well and are very comfortable. Dear me, I have not told you the great news of all. We have spoken and thought of you so constantly, that I forget how far apart you have been in reality from me and mine all these years. Polly is married! Married very well, indeed, to a teacher of music here, and she has one little girl, and is very happy. Janet is at home with us still, and grown such a sweet creature. Not pretty, Mabel—at least they say not. *I* think she has the loveliest face in the world. We have not let her do any thing, because, as perhaps you remember, she was always rather delicate from a baby. But she is such a comfort to her father! He often says that he forgets his blindness, so thoroughly does Janet make her eyes his own. Oh, Mabel, I have covered eight pages, and have not yet said half I wanted to say! I must, however, before I conclude, explain that during the summer vacation here we always go to Kilclare, in the south of Ireland, for a short season. The manager is an old acquaintance of ours, and we think it would be a very favorable opportunity for you to make a beginning. It's a little out-of-the-way nook—very pretty, very pleasant, and the people are so nice and kind. We leave Dublin for Kilclare in about two months from this date. But come to us as soon as you can. There will be much to do, and many things to settle. Of course you have no wardrobe or any thing of that sort; but—see how luckily it falls out!—there are nearly all Polly's stage dresses just as she left them. You won't mind using them, dear, just at first. Give my kind love to my sister-in-law, and Uncle John's too. Kiss your dear little brother for me. My dear child, I long to see you again. I suppose I shall hardly know you. But whatever else is changed, there will be our own Mabel's loving heart; that, I found by your letter, is unaltered.
Ever your affectionate Aunt,
"MARY WALTON EARNSHAW.

"P.S. The inclosed is to help your journey. You won't scruple to take it from Uncle John. He says you must consider that he stands in the place of a father to you now. If you will let us know when you are coming, Jack shall meet you at Kingstown. I wish he could go across and bring you all the way, but I'm afraid we can't manage that. M. W."

When Mabel first opened the letter there had dropped out of it a five-pound note.

## CHAPTER X.

### MABEL'S CONFESSION.

"MAMMA, mamma," said Mabel, after having read the foregoing letter to Mrs. Saxelby on the first evening of her return to Hazlehurst, "do you believe there is such another lovable, generous creature in all the world as Aunt Mary?"

Poor Mrs. Saxelby could not be as enthusiastic as her daughter. Every word of the letter made plain to her mind that another and a longer separation from her child was impending. And there was a passing pang of jealousy in her heart at the thought of those years in which she had been nothing to Mabel, and Mary Earnshaw had been every thing. She smiled faintly and answered, "Your aunt is very kind."

"Very kind, mamma? She is an angel. See how she puts herself in the back-ground. 'Your uncle says this; your uncle sends you this money.' Yes; but I know that it is all her doing. Dear Uncle John is very good, but he would not have the power to help me that she has."

It was evident that nothing less than her mother's authoritative prohibition would prevent Mabel from embracing the chance thus held out to her. And Mrs. Saxelby knew herself well enough to be aware that she would be quite unable to give a stern refusal to any prayer of Mabel's. But Mabel knew instinctively that what she had next to tell would cause her mother a still more bitter disappointment. Nevertheless, it must be told.

"Mamma," she said, "let me sit at your feet and lean my head on your knees, as I used to do when I was a little girl. There—so."

Mrs. Saxelby stroked her soft hair in silence. The caressing mother's touch suddenly broke up the fountain of tears that had been frozen for many days in the girl's breast by her proud, undemonstrative self-repression, and she sobbed with her face hidden in her mother's lap, and told her all.

"Oh, Mabel!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, almost in a wail; "oh, Mabel!"

"I knew you would be grieved, mamma dear. And that makes my grief the greater."

"He is so good, Mabel. So true, so highly principled, so kind-hearted. He has been like a son to me, and I feel as if he were almost as dear to me as a son. You couldn't help loving him if you did not purposely steel your heart against him."

"It is over, mamma. He will be sorry for a while, but then he will find some one who will value and love him as he deserves, and whom his family will be glad to welcome and make much of."

They sat talking far into the night, until Mrs. Saxelby was startled by the striking of the hour from the belfry of the village church, and hurriedly bade Mabel go to her bed and seek the rest she was so much in need of. But before they separated Mabel had received her mother's reluctant consent to accept her aunt's offer.

"But yet—but yet—but yet, my darling," said Mrs. Saxelby, holding her daughter to her breast, "how I wish you could make up your mind to think favorably of Clement's suit! Good Heavens, to think of the girls who would give the world for such an offer!"

"Mamma, I will tell you something that may help to reconcile you to my refusal. Besides the injustice I should do Clement Charlewood were I to marry him without really loving him enough, I have reason to believe that I should also be injuring his worldly prospects. From some words that Penelope once said to me—and Penelope speaking on such a subject would weigh her words, you and I know—I feel sure that a marriage between his son and a penniless girl like myself would so anger and disappoint Mr. Charlewood as to make a serious difference in Clement's circumstances. Perhaps Mr. Charlewood might even disinherit him."

"I don't believe it, Mabel; and, besides, I was not thinking of the money only."

But, nevertheless, as Mabel had said, the suggestion did help to reconcile Mrs. Saxelby somewhat to her daughter's decision.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DOOLEY EXECUTES A TERRIBLE THREAT.

MABEL allowed no time to be lost before replying to her aunt's letter. She decided to start for Ireland at the end of April, which was now only ten days distant, and had calculated that she should thus have six weeks with her aunt in Dublin, to make preparation for her first attempt at Kilclare. When once the letter was written and dispatched, Mrs. Saxelby appeared to become more reconciled to the idea of Mabel's going. "Though what," she said, with a sudden qualm of remembrance, "though what, my dear, will Miss Fluke say about it?"

The mother and daughter were sitting at work, engaged in some ingenious contrivance for making "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;" and Dooley, perched on the window-sill with the kitten in his lap, was studying a picture alphabet with a thoughtful brow. At the mention of Miss Fluke, he looked up quickly. "Miss Fook's very naughty," said Dooley; "she made mamma c'y. I s'all 'mack Miss Fook!"

"Dooley!" urged his sister, in feigned amazement, though she had much ado to keep a grave countenance, so irresistibly absurd was the notion of Dooley engaged in inflicting condign chastisement on Miss Fluke. "Dooley, what shocking things are you saying? Come here to me, Sir. Why, I declare I don't know you. Is this my own good little brother, this angry, frowning boy?"

The child's face was crimson, and he had clenched his small fist in his wrath.

"I s'all 'mack Miss Fook if she makes mamma c'y," he repeated, with great determination.

"Don't say any more just now, Mabel," whispered Mrs. Saxelby. "Go back to the window, Julian, and learn your lesson. I shall expect you to know F and G when I call you. The fact is," she continued, when the child had obeyed her and was deep in his book again, "the fact is, I want him to forget all about the scene. I never saw him so excited as he was after Miss Fluke went away the other day."

"I think I should have been inclined to be excited too," said Mabel, with flashing eyes. "Do you really mean to say that that woman made you shed tears, mamma?"

"Hush. Yes. You know my nerves are not strong; and I was worried and lonely; and she took me by surprise; and she was so loud, and so vehement! Oh, Mabel, it was terrible, I assure you! You don't know how dreadful she can be. It is quite impossible to cope with her."

"I should not think of trying," replied Mabel, with a disdainful lip; "I should simply withdraw my attention, and let her rave unnoticed."

"Good gracious, Mabel! Withdraw your attention? Short of putting cotton wool in your ears, there is no possibility of withdrawing your attention from Miss Fluke when once she begins in earnest. Besides, I don't like to be openly rude to her, for I can't help feeling that she means it all for my good."

"It's a very amiable feeling, mamma. But I take the liberty of doubting whether Miss Fluke is a better judge of what is good for you than you are yourself."

"I say, missus!" exclaimed Betty, opening the parlor door and putting her head inside the room mysteriously, "here be Miss Fluke a-comin'! I were a-carryin' some pig-wash out to the sty, when I seed her three fields off, a-comin' along the path. She do stump along at a rate. I thought mayhap you'd like to have warnin'," added Betty, ingenuously. "I allus do lock my work-box up from her now. She bates all for curosity, does Miss Fluke."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Mrs. Saxelby, absolutely turning pale, "what shall we do?"

"Dear mamma, don't distress yourself. If you dread seeing her so much, go to your own room and let me speak with her. I will say you are not equal to seeing her to-day; and that will be true enough."

Mrs. Saxelby could not repress a sigh of relief at this proposition.

"But," she said, hesitating, "it seems so cowardly to leave you to face her alone."

Mabel laughed with almost childish enjoyment. "Oh, don't mind me, mamma," she said, with the irrepressible high spirits of youth dancing in her eyes. "I am not a bit afraid."

"Ain't you indeed, my dear, said Mrs. Saxelby, regarding her daughter with a kind of wistful admiration. "Ain't you indeed?" And then she stole quietly up stairs, and Mabel heard the door of her bedroom softly shut, and the bolt drawn.

Betty's irreverent phrase expressed Miss Fluke's method of locomotion very graphically. She did "stump along at a rate." And many seconds had not elapsed after Mrs. Saxelby's retirement to her own room, when Miss Fluke's martial tread was heard resounding on the flagged stone passage, and that lady, eschewing any preliminary ceremony of knocking at the door, burst into the little parlor with all her own peculiar vigor.

For a minute or so she stood stock-still, and stared around her. Mabel was stitching away placidly, and Dooley remained curled up in the window-sill, half hidden behind his broad picture-book.

"How d'ye do, Miss Fluke?" said Mabel, looking up. "Pray sit down."

"Why, goodness me, Mabel!" cried Miss Fluke, with a gasp occasioned partly by surprise and partly by the breathlessness consequent upon the rapid pace she had come at, "is that you?"

"Yes," said Mabel, rising to bring forward a chair for Miss Fluke, and then resuming her own. "Yes, it is I. Won't you sit down?"

Among Miss Fluke's many admirable qualities, that of a quick and accurate perceptive faculty could not be counted. She did not comprehend the situation with the rapid intuition which would have enabled some women to see their way at a glance, but continued to stare about her with an air of bewilderment. "Where's your mother?" she said at last, abruptly.

"Mamma is in her own room."

"In her own room? But she must have been here this minute, for there's her work with the needle half stuck in it." Miss Fluke held up a long strip of muslin triumphantly, and looked at Mabel as though she had just detected her in some attempt to deceive. Miss Fluke was very prone to suppose that people uttered deliberate untruths, and to rejoice openly in their fancied detection.

"She was here, certainly," rejoined Mabel; "but Betty saw you coming, and gave us warning, and then mamma went away to her room."

Miss Fluke stared at Mabel for a second or two, with eyes so wide open that it seemed as if she would never be able to shut them again.

"I said I would tell you," proceeded Mabel, in the same unmoved voice, "that mamma did not feel strong enough to see you to-day. She would be sorry, I know, if you thought her unkind or discourteous."

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Miss Fluke, emphatically. "Never! I have come here, at *great* inconvenience (leaving Louisa to take the afternoon practice for next Sabbath's hymns), expressly to see your mother, and now your mother shuts herself up in her own room. I don't understand what your mother means by it!"

"I'm very sorry, Miss Fluke, but mamma can not see you to-day. If you will intrust me with any message, I will deliver it."

After a pause of consideration, during which the silence was only broken by the occasional click of Mabel's thimble as she busily plied her work, Miss Fluke untied her bonnet-strings and dropped into the chair with a violent concussion.

"*Well,*" she said, "since I am here, I will endeavor to improve the occasion."

"Suppose you begin by having something to eat after your walk, Miss Fluke," said Mabel, demurely.

"Not for the world, Mabel," returned Miss Fluke, with great solemnity. "I am thinking of matters which concern the soul, and not the body. And besides," with still more impressive emphasis, "I ain't at all hungry."

Mabel could not for the life of her resist a smile. "That is an excellent reason for not eating," she observed.

"Mabel," said Miss Fluke, suddenly, "do you know what has become of the child Cordelia?"

"Become of her?"

"Yes; she and her father and her brother have left New Bridge Street, and gone away, nobody knows where."

"Is that all? You startled me. I feared that some harm had befallen poor Corda. No; indeed I do not know where they are. How *should* I know?"

"Because you have been in communication with them; because Mrs. Hutchins knows that you wrote to the man Trescott, and that he answered your letter," rejoined Miss Fluke, with her detective air. "What do you say to that, Mabel?"

"I say nothing to that, Miss Fluke."

"You say nothing?"

"Nothing."

This reply was so totally unexpected that Miss Fluke could do nothing but stare at Mabel, open-mouthed. Again there was a long, silent pause. But though Miss Fluke might be astonished, it was not in the power of any mortal to quell her energy. So, baffled on one point, she returned to the attack on another.

"And is it really true," she said, shaking her head violently, "is it really true, this dreadful, shocking, *awful* news that I hear about you, Mabel?"

The tone of her voice was so loud and menacing, that Dooley left his place at the window, and crept up close to Mabel, as if in expectation of a personal attack on the part of Miss Fluke, from which he intended to protect his sister.

"I heard something of this from Mrs. Hutchins, but I could not bring myself to believe it. I positively could not, so I came to Hazlehurst the other day to wring the truth from Mrs. Saxelby. What she is about, or how she can reconcile it to her conscience to allow such a thing, *I* don't know."

"Mamma's dood, an' oo're naughty," said Dooley. "Oo made mamma c'y."

"She may well hide herself from me," pursued Miss Fluke, heedless of the interruption, and now in the full tide of her angry eloquence. "She may well be ashamed to look an old friend in the face—not to mention the daughter of a minister of the Gospel."

The color was mounting to Dooley's forehead, and he kept his eyes fixed unwinkingly on Miss Fluke's face.

"Don't tell Me of a mother's love," continued Miss Fluke, joining her hands together on her breast, and then separating them widely, with the palms turned outward, which gesture she repeated at every clause of her discourse: "Don't tell Me of fond indulgence. Don't tell Me of self-sacrifice. Where is the sense of duty in a parent who allows her child to be lost before her eyes, and does not stir a finger to save her? I call your mother not weak, but wicked. Inexcusably *wicked*, Mabel Earnshaw."

The words had no sooner passed her lips than Dooley, who had planted himself in front of the chair on which she was seated, raised his tiny hand and struck a blow upon Miss Fluke's cheek with such right good-will that the marks of four small fingers and a thumb were visibly impressed on it in crimson lines; immediately afterward he raised a prolonged bellow, and, bursting into floods of tears, hid his face in his sister's lap and kicked convulsively.

The proceeding was so sudden and so unforeseen, that for an instant both Mabel and Miss Fluke were paralyzed with astonishment. As soon, however, as Mabel recovered her presence of mind she called Betty and consigned the sobbing child to her care. "Oh, Dooley, Dooley, I am so sorry and so shocked!"

As to Miss Fluke, she arose and stood erect, receiving all Mabel's apologies with rigid inflexibility.

"You know how distressed I am that this should have happened," said Mabel, earnestly, "and I hope you will forgive poor Dooley; he is but a baby."

"Of course I forgive him," said Miss Fluke, in her hardest tones. "I forgive every body. It is my duty so to do. But it is very sad and terrible to see the old Adam so violent and ungovernable in so young a child. If he was My little boy he should have a sound whipping, and be kept on bread and water until he had learned Dr. Watts's beautiful hymn by heart—that one that says:

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise.

However, I have no more to say on the subject. I merely desire to know from your own lips, Mabel, if the awful news that I hear about you is true."

"Miss Fluke," said Mabel, regarding her visitor steadily, "I might fence with you, and ask what news you allude to; or I might decline to answer a question so couched; or I might inquire by what right you put the question at all. But I prefer to answer you clearly, and with what good-humor I can command. I am going on the stage, or at least I am going to make an attempt to do so. I shall be under the care of a relative whom I dearly love and thoroughly respect, and who is herself an actress. Mamma has given her consent to my plan. I am thoroughly resolved to try it, and nothing you can possibly say can shake my resolution for an instant. Will you shake hands with me, Miss Fluke, and say no more on this subject? I am willing to believe you have acted from a sense of duty. Will you not judge as charitably of me?"

Mabel held out her hand with a frank, winning gesture; but Miss Fluke drew herself up to her full height, and, folding her arms tightly, answered:

"No, Mabel, certainly not. I couldn't think of such a thing on any account whatsoever. I shall make a point of praying for you specially every Sunday, and I trust your heart may be turned, and you may be brought to see the error of your ways; but;" here Miss Fluke became so very upright that it seemed as if she must positively be standing on tip-toe; "but *I* can make no compromise with sin!" Thus concluding, Miss Fluke drew her shawl round her with great energy, and marched majestically out of the room and from the house.

## CHAPTER XII.

### "MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD-NIGHT!"

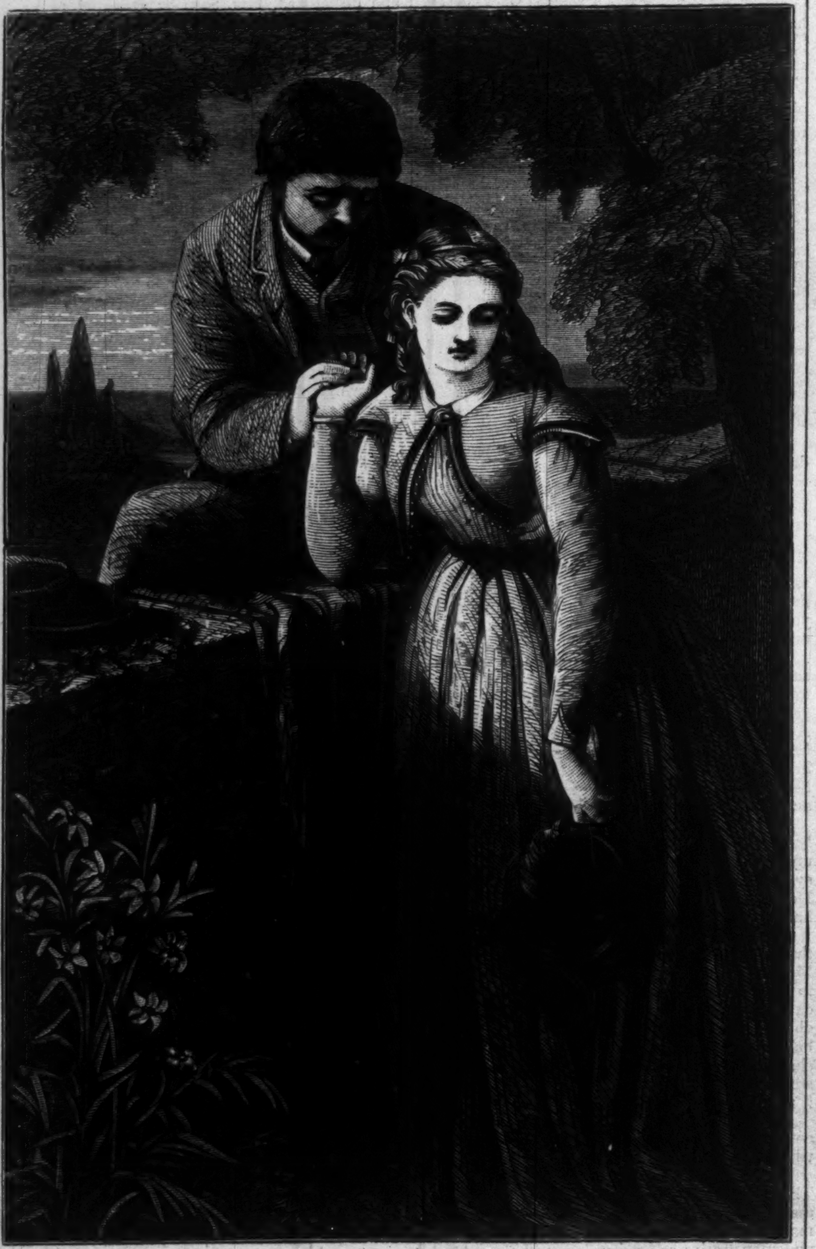
Under a dark-blue sky, studded with myriads of twinkling stars, and through an atmosphere so still that the smoke from the tall black funnel curled in a long roll, and melted faintly into air in the far distance behind her, a steamer was cutting her way through the waters of St. George's Channel toward the Irish shore. The long track of foam from her paddles glistened white upon the dark sea, and, save for the strong vibrating pulse of her machinery, there was scarcely any motion in the ship, except now and then a long, gentle, rolling swell, as if old Ocean were lazily turning in his sleep. Most of the passengers had gone below. Two or three men, wrapped in rough coats, tramped with measured step up and down the deck, stopping always at precisely the same spot in their walk, and executing a resounding stamp before they turned to pace back again.

The deep night sky watched golden-eyed above, the deep waters slept placidly below, and in all the air was a calm silence and the salt savor of the sea.

To one leaving home alone, and for the first time, the sense of change and strangeness is necessarily much greater when the journey is made by sea than by land. In the latter case, the parting from familiar objects is more gradual, and the constantly varying scenes that meet the eye melt imperceptibly into one another, without any strong line of demarcation between the old and well-known and the new and strange. But to the unaccustomed traveler on shipboard the change is complete. Such a traveler is cut off from all familiar sights and sounds, without any gradual process of preparation, and is almost as strange and lone as though embarked upon some unknown planet for a sail through space.

Thus, at least, felt one inexperienced voyager on the Irish mail steam-packet bound from Liverpool to Kingstown. Mabel Earnshaw sat apart on deck, gazing with her outward eyes at the blue moonless heavens, but seeing with the vision of the spirit a busy panorama unrolling itself before her. All her thoughts were retrospective. The young, strong in their youth, and in the confidence of natures unacquainted with harshness or repression, look boldly forth upon the future from the warm shelter of home. But once launched into the wide, pitiless world, how the heart remembers the sweetness of the love left behind! As we may fancy that some fledgling bird, when first it tries its trembling pinion, may faint and yearn for the soft safety of the mother's nest.

Mabel leaned back against the ship's bulwarks, and looked at her past life. First among its memories came the shadowy image of her dead father, kept alive in her heart chiefly by the fond faithful praises of Aunt Mary, who was unwearied in her gratitude to and love for "John's brother." Then, while she was yet too young to feel the separation very keenly, came the parting from her mother, and her sojourn in her uncle's home. She remembered cousin Polly, a tall, merry, good-humored girl of nearly fifteen years; she remembered Jack, terrible in the matter of torn jackets, and costing unheard-of sums in boots, but generous, warm-hearted, and able to draw the most wonderfully beautiful pictures—so they seemed to Mabel's admiring eyes—with the most unpromising materials. Then there was Uncle John, always an object of the tenderest care to all the family, erect and portly, with a placid, gentle smile upon his sightless face, and usually to be found, at home or abroad, with Janet's tiny hand fast clasped in his, and Janet's earnest, childish voice translating into words for her father's ear all that came under the inspection of her grave, observant eyes. Lastly came Aunt Mary, the sun that warmed and lighted this domestic system. Cheerful, active, hopeful, unselfish: the soul of simple kindliness: Aunt Mary, whose genial, honest nature no poverty could embitter, and who, as Mabel well remembered, would, in the midst of her own struggles, not only freely utter the charitable word that consoles, but hold out the charitable hand that helps, to many a comrade in distress.



"WITHOUT A WORD."

All that old time came back to Mabel as she sat on the vessel's deck beneath the stars: the lessons read aloud to Uncle John, and elucidated by his comments; the rambles, under Jack's guidance, in broad country meadows; the queer, humble lodgings in provincial towns; the shabby clothes, and threadbare little gloves, and sunburnt bonnets, and the light-hearted disregard of all such shortcomings; the Sunday afternoon excursions, in which Aunt Mary often (but not always) had leisure to join, when, after church-time, the whole family would sally forth, carrying cold meat and bread in a basket, and would picnic in some quiet nook miles out in the country, returning dusty, tired, and happy, through the glimmering summer twilight; the occasional visit to the boxes of the theatre, and the breathless interest and delight awakened by some thrilling melodrama: an interest in no degree rendered less keen by personal acquaintance with all the performers, or by a certain knowledge that Mr. Montmorency, who enacted the villain, was *not* dead when the captain of the guard fired, and when he fell with a crash upon the stage, uttering a yell of rage and anguish, but would get up presently and go comfortably home and eat a hot supper.

How it all came back to Mabel, the pathos and the fun, the poverty and the contentment, the smiles and the tears, as she sat there on the vessel's deck beneath the stars!

Then followed the news of her mother's marriage, and the parting from her relatives, and the five years of school-life passed chiefly in an old-fashioned roomy house in a country village, where the schoolmistress, a pleasant, stately gentlewoman as unlike Mrs. Hatchett as possible, had been so kind and motherly, and where she had first met Augusta Charlewood. Augusta Charlewood! At the recollection of that name, and all the associations it conjured up, Mabel felt the blood tingle in her cheek, and the hot tears well up into her eyes. "He is very good and generous," she murmured. "Very noble-minded and unselfish! I hope he may not quite forget me. I should be sorry to be quite forgotten by him. And I hope—oh! I do hope, with all my heart—that he may find some girl to love him very dearly, and to make him a good wife!"

Then the slides of that most magical of magic lanterns called Memory became peopled with a throng of oddly assorted figures, that passed vividly before her. Miss Fluke, and her father and sisters, marched past busily; little Corda's pale face looked up out of her bed, at Mr. Saxelby, upright and dapper, picking his way over the wet stones to church; the draggled gown of Mrs. Hutchins appeared side by side with Mrs. Charlewood's costly velvets; Penelope and young Trescott, the mild old clergyman at Hazlehurst, Mrs. Hatchett, and the ugly Swiss governess, were all flitting backward and forward pell-mell. And amidst them all there was ever her mother's graceful, delicate form, and the bright golden curls that she had loved to fondle on Dooley's innocent brow.

But surely her memory held no such figure as this that stood before her: a bluff, red-faced man wrapped in a pea-coat, and holding between his lips a great cigar, that glowed through the darkness like a railway signal!

It was the captain of the vessel, to whose care she had been specially consigned on leaving Liverpool by some friends of the late Mr. Saxelby, who had met her there and put her on board.

"I thought I would prefer to stay on deck, Captain Duff. It is so much pleasanter here than in the close cabin."

"Ay," was the answer in the broadest Scotch: "it's like a good many other pleasant things, not altogether prudent. Why, were ye thinking of passing the neecht up here? Hoot, my dear young leddy, joost take my advice, and go away down to bed. Ye're half-way to the Land of Nod the noo'; and I'll undertake that ye'll not be five minutes in the warm cabin before ye'll be sleeping joost as peacefully as possible."

"I won't be obstinate, captain," said Mabel, rising with a smile. Indeed, the captain spoke with a mingling of fatherly kindness and authority which it was not easy to resist.

"Good-night, and good rest to ye. Ye'll awake in the Emerald Isle. I expect we'll be in about saven to-morrow morning."

A loud grating and clanking of chains, the heavy tread of feet, and a confused noise of many voices, roused Mabel from a dreamless sleep, and she hastened to dress and go on deck. They were in Kingstown harbor, lying close alongside the quay, and the sun was shining brightly on the dancing waters. Many times afterward Mabel looked at and admired the beauties of that beautiful Bay of Dublin, but now she scarcely saw or observed them, so anxiously were her eyes employed in scanning the faces on the quay above the vessel. Porters and carmen were shouting and gesticulating with wonderful vehemence, all talking together, and at the full pitch of their lungs; leaning over the iron railing were two or three gentlemen, but Mabel could not fancy any of those to be her cousin. She was beginning to fear that he had not yet arrived to meet her, when she heard Captain Duff's voice behind her, saying: "Here she is; this is the young leddy;" and, turning round, encountered the inquiring gaze of two round, merry blue eyes belonging to a young man dressed in a loose coat and slouched hat, and with the ends of his neckerchief fluttering in the morning breeze. Mabel looked at him doubtfully for a second, and then inquired: "Are you Jack?"

"Of course I am Jack," replied the young man, seizing her hand and shaking it heartily. "I am Jack; but are you Mabel? That's the question. Gracious, how you've grown! How glad I am to see you! How are you! Won't mother be delighted! Come along! Where are your boxes? That black one, and the little canvas-covered one? All right. You've got no bandboxes, and that's a blessing! Wait here one instant, and I'll get a porter directly. Now then! Come along! The railway takes us into Dublin, not two minutes' drive from where we live."

Mabel, pausing a moment to say good-by to Captain Duff and thank him for his kindness, was surprised to see Jack interchange cordial greetings with the old Scotchman.

"Oh ay," said the latter to Mabel, "Mr. Walton and I are auld acquaintance. I'm quite comfortable about ye, now I know whose care ye're consigned to. Make my best respects to your mother, Walton. She's a fine person; a very fine person." Which eulogium in the captain's mouth meant something very different from the interpretation most English people would put upon it.

Mabel was hurried by her cousin into a railway carriage, and soon rattled into a dingy station. Then she confusedly descended several stone steps to the street, was placed on one side of an outside car, balanced by Jack on the other side, and her trunks in the middle; and after a short, rapid drive was deposited at the door of a small neat house in a wide, straggling half-built square, and found herself in a cheerful room with breakfast spread, a bright tea-kettle singing on the hob, and amidst a chorus of "Here she is!" "Here's Mabel," "Darling child," "Welcome, welcome!" was clasped in the arms of Aunt Mary.

END OF BOOK II.

## WITHOUT A WORD.

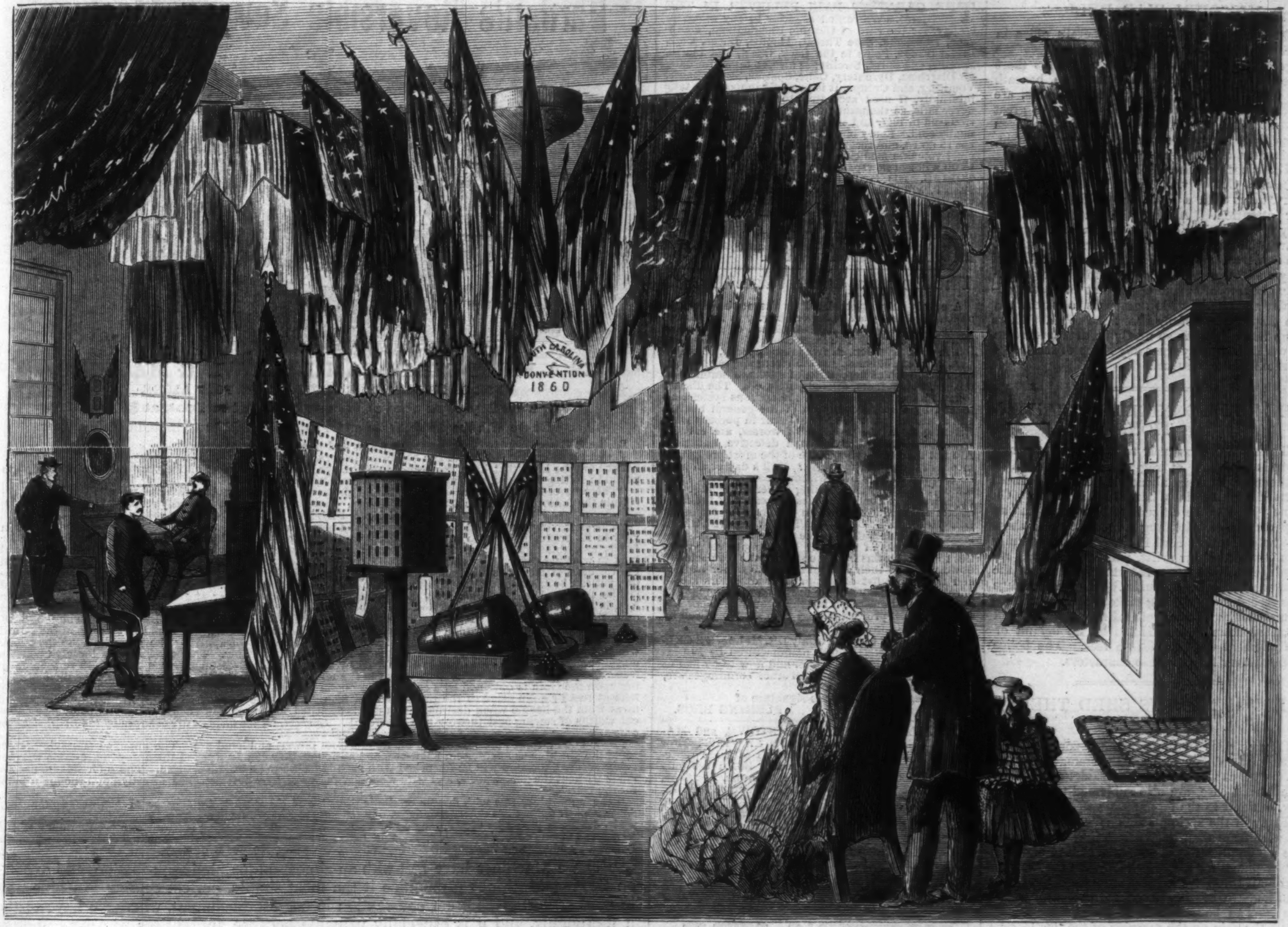
The clouds parted to show the moon,
At nine of a night in the heart of June,
Just as I leaped on the garden wall
To answer the gentle Kate's soft call.
Over her forehead, whiter than wax,
Over her tresses, fairer than flax,
Purest and softest the moonbeams fell,
As though they loved on such charms to dwell.

Her cheek in her hand had sought repose,
As a lily were folded over a rose;
Her scarlet lips had trembled apart,
As if sweet thoughts crept up from her heart;
And her shy, bright eyes, with their blue-bell tinge,
Hid themselves under their golden fringe.
So she leant 'gainst the moss-grown stone,
The bonniest lassie you ever have known.

The tale of my love must be told that night,
Could I but fashion my speech aright:
My bronzed cheek burnt, and my heart beat loud,
And I wished the moon back under her cloud;
Never a word would come into my head,
So I stooped and gave her a kiss instead,
A moment she struggled her lips to free,
Then, with a sob, gave them up to me.

Over my soul crept a holy calm,
And our hands were meeting palm to palm,
And as a bird that had found her nest,
Her fair head fluttered down on my breast,
And I knew, by the throb of the heart I heard,
I had won my darling without a word.
For wherefore hath Love a need for speech
While the eye can pray and the cheek can preach?

Mary Kyle Dallas.


UTH CAROLINA
CONVENTION
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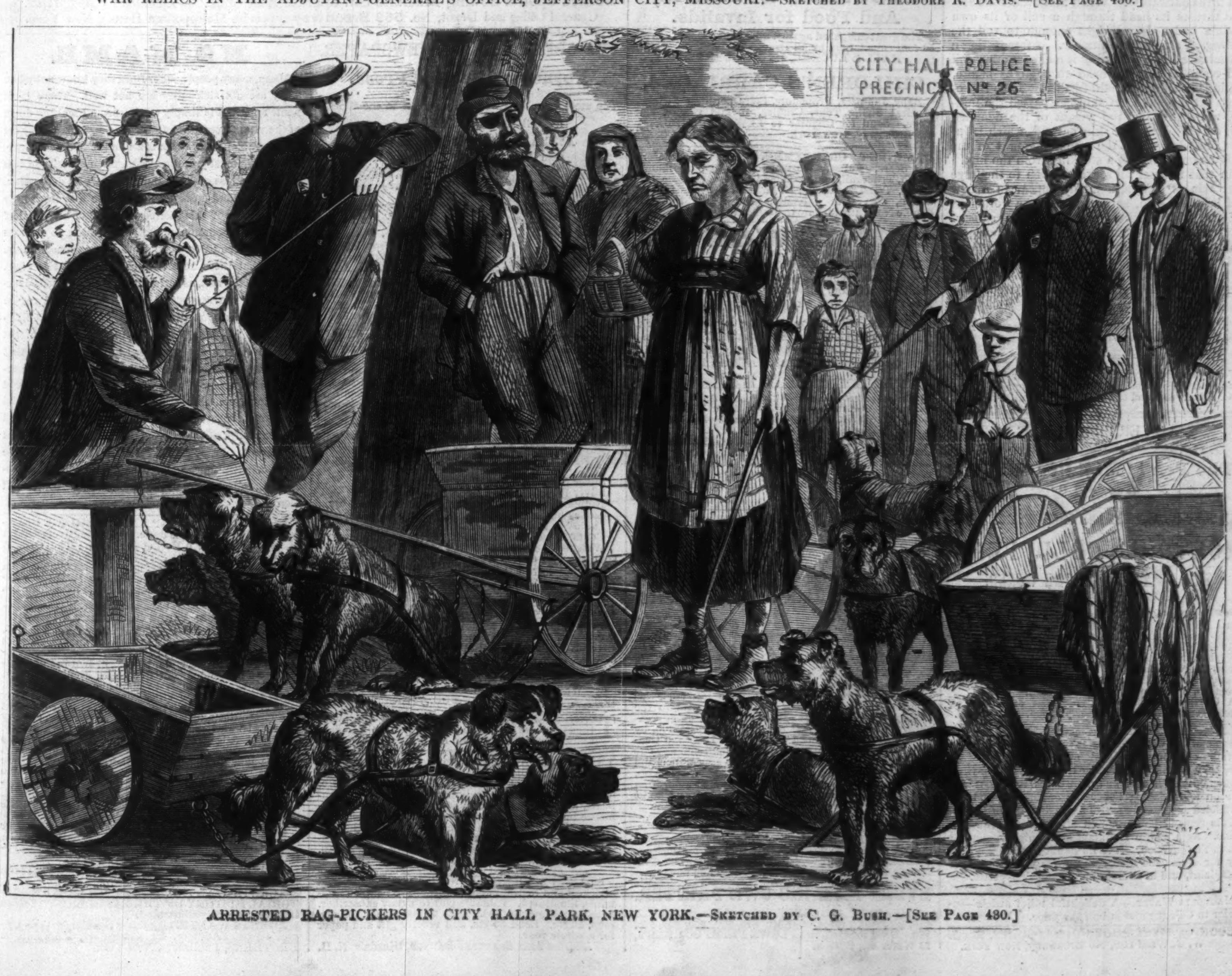
WAR RELICS IN THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 430.]


CITY HALL POLICE
PRECINC Nº 26

ARRESTED RAG-PICKERS IN CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

## MISSOURI WAR RELICS.

ON entering the Adjutant-General's office in Jefferson City, Missouri, the stranger sees the flags of the different Missouri regiments there preserved. Arranged with great taste, beneath the drapery, formed of flags and banners, are other trophies and photographs that give great interest to the visitor, particularly if he has seen these flags carried forward, time and again, against the deadly fire of a strong rebel line.

The clerks are nearly all ex-members of the Fifteenth Corps, wearing their old cartridge-box badges with a pride too evident to escape our attention. Among the photographs are very many familiar faces of men well-known for bravery on many fields, and officers of regiments, the achievements of which the State of Missouri may well be proud. Wooden mortars from Mobile, guns, swords, and colors that had been captured, and trophies too numerous to enumerate, are disposed tastefully about the room. There is no State that has so neatly an arranged room in which to display the army relics of the troops of the State as Missouri.

## THE CHIFFONNIERS IN CONVENTION.

THERE are constantly to be seen in the metropolis numbers of rag-pickers and garbage-gatherers, who roam about the streets with small carts drawn by dogs harnessed to them. On June 20th last the citizens of New York had an opportunity of beholding a convention of these characters in City Hall Park. The opportunity was not lost on our artist, who has faithfully reproduced on this page the curious scene of the convocation of chiffonniers. The assemblage was forced upon the rag-pickers through the instrumentality of the police, who arrested and detained them in City Hall Park in default of the payment of their license fees. The police arrested over fifty of these characters.

## HOW SERPENTS SHED THEIR SKINS.

ONCE a year in the temperate zones all serpents cast off their skins. Lobsters, crabs, and all the tribes which have their skeletons outside, like a hard case, are also subjected to the same law, difficult as the feat appears to be.

Early in the spring, as soon as serpents have crawled from their dens where they have passed the winter in a torpid state, they move about in sunny places for a short time, when they feel an instinctive impulse to seek a comfortable, warm position, where they remain quiescently a few days. The body seems to shrink in volume, while the skin on the margins of the lips loosens and turns outwardly. When that occurs the serpent thrusts its head through a coil of its own flexible body, drawn tight enough to roll the peeling-off skin a little further. After resting a few minutes, in a twinkling it makes another coil and again strains its head through as before, peeling back the skin still further. Thus it proceeds till the old scarf-skin has passed the middle, when pressing the weight of the denuded half on the portion of skin beyond, which is inside out, draws out the remaining part of the body as one turns off a stocking from the foot.

In that manner all serpents, even to the huge anaconda of Africa, annually appear in a new and brilliant skin, accompanied by a voracious appetite which living food alone can satisfy. They never feed on any thing that does not give the evidence of vitality, unless seized by mistake. Naturalists contemplate this yearly desquamation of ophidians with peculiar interest, because it is cast so perfectly whole and uninjured.

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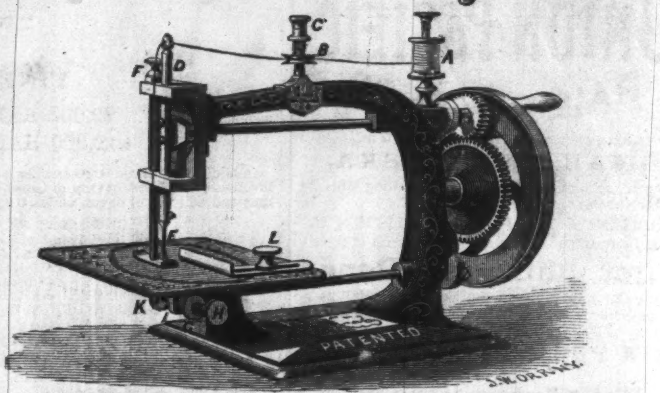

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